To Virtue only & her friends A Friend

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COLLECTION

OF

Eſſays, Epiſtles and Odes.

ESSAY ON MAN.	THE TEMPLE OF FAME.
EPISTLES TO SEVERAL PERSONS.	ODE FOR MUSIC ON ST. CECILIA's DAY.
ELOISA TO ABELARD.	ODE ON SOLITUDE.
THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.	ESSAY on CRITICISM.
MESSIAH. A SACRED ECLOGUE.	THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

BY ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

LONDON,
Printed for T. DANIEL, W. THOMPSON, and J. STEELE, in Paternoſter-Row, and A. TODD in Fleet-Street. 1758.

1568/4585.

COLLECTION

OF

Epistles and Odes,

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ETHIC EPISTLES.

The First Book.

To H. St. John, L. Bolingbroke.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE! my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of Kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot,
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

Say firſt, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reaſon, but from what we know?
Of Man, what ſee we but his ſtation here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him, only in our own.
He who thro' vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
What other planets, and what other ſuns,
What vary'd being peoples ev'ry ſtar,
May tell, why Heav'n made all things as they are.
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The ſtrong connexions, nice dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great Chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or thee?
Presumptuous man! the reaſon would'ſt thou find,
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind?
Firſt, if thou can'ſt, the harder reaſon gueſs,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs.
Aſk of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or ſtronger than the weeds they ſhade?
Or aſk of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are leſs than Jove?
Of ſyſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſt
That wiſdom infinite muſt form the beſt,

Of the Nature and State of MAN with reſpect to the Universe. v. 17, &c.] He can reaſon only from Things known and judge only with regard to his own Syſtem.

Verſ. 35. &c.] He is not therefore a judge of his own perfection or imperfection, but is certainly ſuch a being as is ſuited to his place and rank in the creation,

Where all muſt full or not coherent be,
And all that riſes, riſe in due degree;
Then, in the ſcale of life and ſenſe, 'tis plain
There muſt be, ſomewhere, ſuch a rank as man;
And all the queſtion (wrangle e'er ſo long)
Is only this, if GOD has plac'd him wrong?

RESPECTING Man whatever wrong we call,
May, muſt be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarſe one purpoſe gain;
In GOD's, one ſingle can its end produce,
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other uſe,
So Man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome gole;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.

WHEN the proud ſteed ſhall know, why Man reſtrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Now wears a garland, an Egyptian god;
Then ſhall Man's pride and dullneſs comprehend
His action's, paſſion's, being's, uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity?

THEN ſay not Man's imperfect, heav'n in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought;
His being meaſur'd to his ſtate and place,
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd their preſent ſtate,

Ver. 73.] His happineſs depends on his Ignorance to a certain degree.

From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know,
Or who could ſuffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day,
Had he thy reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n,
Who ſees with equal eye, as GOD of all,
A Hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,
Atoms, or ſyſtems, into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world!

HOPE humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore;
What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt;
Man never is, but always to be bleſt;
The ſoul uneaſy, and confin'd at home,
Reſts, and expatiates, in a life to come.

Lo! the poor Indian, whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees GOD in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul, proud ſcience never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
Yet ſimple Nature to his hope has giv'n
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n,
Some ſafer world, in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the wat'ry waſte,

Verſ. 75, &c.] See this peruſed in Epiſt. iii. verſ. 70, &c. 83, &c.

Verſ. 87.]----And on his Hope of a Relation to a future ſtate.

Verſ. 90.] Further opened in Epiſt. ii. verſ. 265.-- Epiſt. iii. verſ. 78.---- Epiſt, iv. verſ. 336, &c.

Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To be, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no Angel's wing, or Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.
Go, wiſer thou! and in thy ſcale of ſenſe
Weigh thy opinion againſt Providence:
Call Imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
Deſtroy all creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Yet cry, if Man's unhappy, GOD's unjuſt;
If man, alone, engroſs not heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there;
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Rejudge his juſtice, be the GOD of GOD!
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.
Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods,
Aſpiring to be Gods, if angels fell,
Aſpiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wiſhes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, ſins againſt th' Eternal Cauſe.
Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine?
Earth for whoſe uſe? Pride anſwers, "'Tis for mine:
"For me kind nature wakes her genial pow'r,
"Suckles each herb, and ſpreads out ev'ry flow'r;

Verſ. 109.] The Pride of aiming at more knowledge and Perfection, and the Impiety of pretending to judge of the Diſpenſations of Providence, the Cauſes of his Error and Miſery.

Verſ. 127.] The Abſurdity of conceiting himſelf the final Cauſe of the Creation, or expecting that Perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural.

"Annual for me, the grape, the roſe renew
"The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
"For me, the mine a thouſand treaſures brings;
"For me health guſhes from a thouſand ſprings;
"Seas roll to waft me, Suns to light me riſe;
"My footſtool Earth, my canopy the ſkies."

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning ſuns when livid deaths deſcend,
When earthquakes ſwallow, or when tempeſts ſweep
Towns to one grave, or nations to the deep?
No ('tis reply'd) "the firſt Almighty Cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
"Th' exceptions few; ſome change ſince all began;
"And what created perfect?" Why then Man?
If the great end be human happineſs,
Then Nature deviates, and can Man do leſs?
As much that end a conſtant courſe requires
Of ſhow'rs and ſun-ſhine, as of man's deſires,
As much eternal ſprings and cloudleſs ſkies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wiſe.
If plagues or earthquakes break not heav'n's deſign,
Why then a Borgia or a Cataline?
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning ſprings;
Account for moral as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we heav'n in thoſe, in theſe acquit?
In both, to reaſon right, is to ſubmit.

Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all Harmony, all Virtue here?
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never paſſion diſcompos'd the mind:
But All ſubſiſts by elemental ſtrife;
And Paſſions are the Elements of life.

[Verſ. 162.] See this Subject extended in Epiſt. ii. from verſ. 90. to 112, 155. &c.

The gen'ral ORDER, ſince the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.
What would this Man? now upward will he ſoar,
And little leſs than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
Say what their uſe, had he the pow'rs of all?
Nature to theſe, without profuſion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs aſſign'd:
Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe
Here, with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there, of force;
All in exact proportion to their ſtate,
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in its own,
Is heav'n unkind to man, and man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſs'd with all?
The bliſs of man (could pride that bleſſing find)
Is, not to act, or think, beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body or of ſoul to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.
Why has not man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, man is not a fly.
Say, what the uſe, were finer optics giv'n.
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n;

Verſ. 166.] The Unreaſonableneſs of the Complaints againſt Providence; and that to poſſeſs more Faculties would make us miſerable.

Verſ. 174.] "Here, with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there, of force."] It is a certain axiom in the anatomy of creatures that in proportion as they are formed for ſtrength, their ſwiftneſs is leſſened; or, as they are formed for ſwiftneſs, their ſtrength is abated.

Verſ. 177.] *Vid.* Epiſt. iii. verſ. 83, *&c.* and 110, *&c.*

The touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart, and agonize at every pore;
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a roſe in aromatic pain.
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh, that heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all-good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

FAR as creation's ample range extends,
The ſcale of ſenſual, mental pow'rs aſcends:
Mark how it mounts, to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs!
What modes of ſight, betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of ſmell, the headlong lioneſs between,
And hound, ſagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood:

Verſ. 200.] There is an univerſal ORDER and GRADATION thro' the whole viſible world, of the ſenſible and mental Faculties, which cauſes the Subordination of Creature to Creature, and of all Creatures to Man whoſe REASON alone countervails all the other Faculties.

The Extent, Limits, and Uſe of Human Reaſon and Science, the Author deſigned as the ſubject of his next Book of Ethic Epiſtles,

Verſ. 205.---"the headlong lioneſs---"] The manner of the Lions hunting their prey in the deſarts of AFRICA is this. At their firſt going out in the night-time, they ſet up a loud roar, and then liſten to the noiſe made by the beaſts in their flight, purſuing them by the ear, and not by the noſtril. It is probable, the ſtory of the Jackall's hunting for the Lion, was occaſioned by obſerving the defect of ſcent in this terrible Animal.

The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true,
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew.
How Inſtinct varies in the groveling ſwine,
Compar'd, half reas'ning elephant! with thine:
'Twixt that, and Reaſon, what a nice barrier,
For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near:
Remembrance and Reflexion, how ally'd;
What thin partitions ſenſe from thought divide:
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!
Without this juſt gradation could they be
Subjected theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all ſubdu'd by the alone,
Is not thy Reaſon all thoſe pow'rs in one?

See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high progreſſive life may go,
Around how wide, how deep extend below!
Vaſt chain of being! which from God began,
Natures ætherial, human, angel, man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect; what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach: from infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing! On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd;
From Nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll
Alike eſſential to th' amazing whole;

Verſ. 225.] How much farther this Gradation and Subordination may extend; were any part of which broken, the whole connected Creation muſt be deſtroyed.

The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the whole muſt fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and ſuns ruſh lawleſs thro' the ſky,
Let ruling Angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world,
Heav'ns whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature tremble, to the throne of GOD!
All this dread ORDER break!—For whom? For thee,
Vile worm!—O Madneſs! Pride! Impiety!

WHAT if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Juſt as abſurd, for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the taſks or pains,
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

ALL are but parts of one ſtupenduous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and GOD the ſoul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame,
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame,
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent,
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair, as heart,
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt ſeraph that adores and burns;

Verſ. 250.] The Extravagance, Impiety, and Pride of ſuch a deſire.

Verſ. 257.] *Vid.* the proſecution and application of this in Epiſt. iv. verſ. 160, *&c.*

To him, no high, no low, no great, no ſmall:
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
CEASE then, nor ORDER Imperfection name:
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit—in this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canſt not ſee;
All diſcord, harmony not underſtood;
All partial evil, univerſal good:
And ſpight of pride, in erring reaſon's ſpight,
One truth is clear; "Whatever Is, is RIGHT."

Verſ. 273.] The Conſequence of all, the abſolute ſubmiſſion due to Providence, both as to our preſent and future ſtate.

EPISTLE II.

KNOW then thyſelf, preſume not God to ſcan:
The proper ſtudy of mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this iſthmus of a middle ſtate,
A being darkly wiſe, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic ſide,
With too much weakneſs for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between: in doubt to act, or reſt,
In doubt to deem himſelf a God, or beaſt;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer,
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reaſon ſuch,
Whether he thinks too little or too much;
Chaos of thought and paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd, or diſabus'd;
Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great Lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole Judge of truth, in endleſs error hurl'd:
The glory, jeſt, and riddle of the world!
Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go meaſure earth, weigh air, and ſtate the tides,
Show by what laws the wand'ring planets ſtray,
Correct old time, and teach the Sun his way.
Go ſoar with Plato to th' empyreal ſphere,
To the firſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting ſenſe call imitating God,
As eaſtern prieſts in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.

Of the nature and ſtate of Man as an Individual. The buſineſs of Man not to pry into God, but to ſtudy himſelf. His Middle Nature, his Power, Frailties, and the Limits of his Capacity.

Go, teach Eternal Wiſdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyſelf, and be a fool!
SUPERIOR Beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd ſuch wiſdom in an earthly ſhape,
And ſhew'd a Newton as we ſhew an ape.
COULD he, whoſe rules the whirling comet bind,
Deſcribe, or fix, one movement of the mind?
Who ſaw the ſtars here riſe, and there deſcend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas, what wonder! Man's ſuperior part
Uncheck'd may riſe, and climb from Art to Art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reaſon weaves, by Paſſion is undone.
Two Principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and Reaſon, to reſtrain:
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works his end, to move, or govern all;
And to their proper operation ſtill
Aſcribe all good, to their improper, ill.
SELF-LOVE, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul;
Reaſon's comparing balance rules the whole:
Man but for that, no action could attend,
And but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd, like a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawleſs thro' the void,
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.
MOST ſtrength the moving principle requires;
Active its taſk, it prompts, impels, inſpires:

Verſ. 43.] The two principles of Man, Self-love and Reaſon, both neceſſary, 49. Self-love the ſtronger, and why? 57. Their End the ſame, 71.

Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and adviſe.
Self-love ſtill ſtronger, as its objects nigh;
Reaſon's at diſtance, and in proſpect lie;
That ſees immediate good, by preſent ſenſe,
Reaſon the future, and the conſequence;
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng;
At beſt more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
The action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend,
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to reaſon ſtill attend:
Attention habit and experience gains,
Each ſtrengthens reaſon, and Self-love reſtrains.

Let ſubtle Schoolmen teach theſe friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide, than to unite,
And grace and virtue, ſenſe and reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of Wit.
Wits, juſt like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the ſame,
Self-love and Reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, Pleaſure their deſire:
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flower:
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.

Modes of Self-love the Paſſions we may call;
'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all.
But ſince not every good we can divide,
And reaſon bids us for our own provide;
Paſſions, tho' ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
Liſt under reaſon, and deſerve her care:
Thoſe that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boaſt
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt,
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
But ſtrength of mind is exerciſe, not reſt:
The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul,
Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole,
On life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but Paſſion is the gale:
Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find;
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet mix'd and ſoften'd, in his work unite:
Theſe, 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes man, can man deſtroy?
Suffice that Reaſon keep to Nature's road;
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.

Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleaſure's ſmiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the Family of Pain,
Theſe, mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make, and maintain, the balance of the mind:
The lights and ſhades, whoſe well-accorded ſtrife
Gives all the ſtrength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,
And when in act they ceaſe, in proſpect riſe;
Preſent to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All ſpread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent ſenſes diff'rent objects ſtrike;
Hence diff'rent paſſions more or leſs inflame,
As ſtrong, or weak, the organs of the frame;
And hence one maſter paſſion in the breaſt,
Like Aaron's ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young diſeaſe, that muſt ſubdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his ſtrength:
So, caſt and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's diſeaſe, its ruling paſſion came:
Each vital humour which ſhould feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in ſoul;
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, Habit is its nurſe;
Wit, ſpirit, faculties, but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and pow'r,
As heavn's bleſt beam turns vinegar more ſowre;
We, wretched ſubjects, tho' to lawful ſway,
In this weak Queen, ſome Fav'rite ſtill obey.
Ah! if ſhe lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can ſhe more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A ſharp accuſer, but a helpleſs friend!
Or from a Judge turn pleader, to perſuade
The choice we make, or juſtify it made.
Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak paſſions for the ſtrong;
So, when ſmall humours gather to a gout,
The Doctor fancies he has driv'n 'em out.
Yes, Nature's road muſt ever be preferr'd;
Reaſon is here no guide, but ſtill a guard;

Verſ. 123, &c.] The Predominant Paſſion and its Force.

'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this paſſion more as friend than foe;
A mightier Pow'r the ſtrong direction ſends,
And ſev'ral men impels to ſev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other paſſions toſt,
This drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
Let Pow'r or Knowledge, Gold or Glory pleaſe,
Or (oft more ſtrong than all) the love of eaſe,
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, even at life's expence:
The merchant's toil, the ſage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reaſon on their ſide.
Th' eternal art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this paſſion our beſt principle;
'Tis thus, the Mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd;
The droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
And in one int'reſt Body acts with Mind.
As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,
On ſavage ſtocks inſerted, learn to bear;
The ſureſt Virtues thus from Paſſions ſhoot,
Wild nature's vigour working at the root.
What crops of wit and honeſty appear,
From ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate, or fear!
See anger, zeal, and fortitude ſupply;
Ev'n av'rice, prudence; ſloth, philoſophy:
Luſt, thro' ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind:

Verſ. 155.] Its Neceſſity, in directing men to different purpoſes. The particular application of this to the ſeveral purſuits of men, and the General Good reſulting thence, falls into the ſucceeding books.

Verſ. 165.] Its providential Uſe, in fixing our Principle, and aſcertaining our Virtue.

Envy, to whom th' ignoble mind's a ſlave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave:
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on ſhame.
Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue neareſt to our vice ally'd;
Reaſon the byaſs turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery ſoul abhorr'd in Cataline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine.
The ſame ambition can deſtroy or ſave,
And makes a patriot, as it makes a knave.
This light and darkneſs in our chaos join'd,
What ſhall divide? The God within the mind.
Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In man, they join to ſome myſterious uſe:
Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
As in ſome well-wrought picture, light and ſhade,
And oft ſo mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, ſoften, and unite
A thouſand ways, is there no black or white?
Aſk your own heart; and nothing is ſo plain;
'Tis to miſtake them, coſts the time and pain.
Vice is a monſter of ſo frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be ſeen;
Yet ſeen too oft, familiar with her face,
We firſt endure, then pity, then embrace.

Verſ. 185, &c.] Virtue and Vice joined in our mixed Nature; the Limits near, yet the things ſeparate and evident. The office of Reaſon.

Verſ. 201.] Vice odious in itſelf, and how we deceive ourſelves into it.

But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask, where's the North? at York 'tis on the Tweed,
In Scotland at the Orcades, and there
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he.
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard Inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill,
For, vice or virtue, Self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
But Heav'n's great view is one, and that the Whole:
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice:
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, Virtue's ends from Vanity can raise,
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Vers. 221, &c.] The Ends of Providence and general Good answered in our Passions and Imperfections. How usefully these are distributed to all Orders of men.

Vers. 239.] How useful these are to Society in general, and to Individuals in particular, 240. in every State, and every Age of Life, 261.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A maſter, or a ſervant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for aſſiſtance call,
Till one man's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.
Wants, frailties, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally
The common int'reſt, or endear the tye:
To theſe we owe true friendſhip, love ſincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here:
Yet from the ſame we learn, in its decline,
Thoſe joys, thoſe loves, thoſe int'reſts to reſign;
Taught half by reaſon, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly paſs away.

Whate'er the Paſſion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
Not one will change his neighbour with himſelf:
The learn'd is happy, nature to explore;
The fool is happy, that he knows no more;
The rich is happy, in the plenty given;
The poor contented with the care of heaven.
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple ſing,
The ſot a hero, lunatic a king;
The ſtarving chymiſt in his golden views
Supremely bleſt, the poet in his muſe.

See! ſome ſtrange comfort ev'ry ſtate attend,
And Pride beſtow'd on all, a common friend;
See! ſome fit paſſion ev'ry age ſupply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a ſtraw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuſe his riper ſtage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bubble ſtill as that before;
'Till tir'd he ſleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Till then, Opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happineſs by Hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by pride:
Theſe build as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy:
In Folly's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, Joy;
One proſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain:
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The ſcale to meaſure others wants by thine.
See! and confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe,
'Tis this, "tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wiſe."

Verſ. 281.] See farther, of the Uſe of this Principle in Man, Epiſt. iii. verſ. 121, 124, 135, 145, 200, &c. 270, &c. 316. And Epiſt. iv. verſ. 348, and 358.

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we reſt; "The Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
In all the madneſs of ſuperfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be preſent night and day;
But moſt be preſent, if we preach or pray.

Look round our world: behold the chain of love
Combining all below, and all above.
See, plaſtic Nature working to this end,
The ſingle atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place,
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endu'd,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the gen'ral good.
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain,
See life diſſolving, vegetate again:
All forms that periſh, other forms ſupply,
By turns they catch the vital breath, and die;
Like bubbles on the ſea of matter borne,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return.
Nothing is foreign: parts relate to whole:
One all-extending all-preſerving ſoul
Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Makes beaſt in aid of man, and man of beaſt:
All ſerv'd, all ſerving! nothing ſtands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd ſolely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?

Of the nature and ſtate of Man with reſpect to Society. The whole Univerſe one Syſtem of Society.

Verſ. 27.] Nothing made wholly for itſelf, nor yet wholly for another, but the happineſs of all animals mutual.

Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpread the flow'ry lawn.
Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own, and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his Lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrows the plain?
The birds of heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer:
The hog that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this Lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, 'See all things for my uſe!'
'See man for mine,' replies a pamper'd gooſe;
What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him?
All this he knows, but not that 'tis to eat him.
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon he muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant, that the pow'rful ſtill the weak controul,
Be man the wit, and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows
And helps another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove?
Admires the jay the inſects gilded wings;
Or hears the hawk when Philomela ſings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures, and to fiſh his floods;
For ſome, his int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his pleaſure, yet for more his pride.

All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extenſive bleſſing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, from the ſavage ſaves;
Nay, feaſts the animal he dooms his feaſt,
And, till he ends the Being, makes it bleſt,
Which ſees no more the ſtroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man, by touch ætherial ſlain.
The creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou too muſt periſh, when thy feaſt is o'er.
To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs knowledge of its end;
To Man imparts it; but with ſuch a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear,
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding Miracle! that heav'n aſſign'd
Its only thinking thing, this turn of mind.
Whether with reaſon, or with inſtinct bleſt;
Know all enjoy that pow'r which ſuits 'em beſt,
To bliſs, alike, by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Inſtinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or council can they need beſide?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt;
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honeſt Inſtinct comes a volunteer:

Verſ. 72.] Several of the Ancients, and many of the Orientals ſince, eſteemed thoſe who were ſtruck by lightning as ſacred perſons, and the particular favourites of Heaven.

Verſ. 83.] Reaſon or Inſtinct alike operate to the good of each Individual, and operate alſo to Society in all animals.

This too ſerves always, Reaſon never long;
One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours;
And Reaſon raiſe o'er Inſtinct, as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chooſe their food;
Preſcient, the tides or tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand?
Who made the ſpider parallels deſign,
Sure as Demoivre *, without rule or line?
Who bid the ſtork, Columbus-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, ſtates the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

God, in the nature of each Being, founds
Its proper bliſs, and ſets its proper bounds:
But, as he fram'd a Whole, the whole to bleſs,
On mutual wants built mutual happineſs:
So from the firſt eternal Order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, Man to Man.

Whate'er of life all-quickening æther keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or ſhoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuſe on earth; one nature feeds
The vital flame, and ſwells the genial ſeeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the ſky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itſelf, but not itſelf alone,
Each ſex deſires alike, till two are one.

* Demoivre, an eminent mathematician.

Verſ. 115.] How far Society carried by Inſtinct.

Nor ends the pleaſure with the fierce embrace;
They love themſelves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beaſt and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurſe it, and the ſires defend;
The young diſmiſs'd to wander earth or air,
There ſtops the inſtinct, and there ends the care;
The link diſſolves, each ſeeks a freſh embrace,
Another love ſucceeds, another race.

A longer care man's helpleſs kind demands;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands.
Reflexion, reaſon, ſtill the ties improve,
At once extend the int'reſt, and the love:
With choice we fix, with ſympathy we burn,
Each Virtue in each Paſſion takes it turn;
And ſtill new needs, new helps, new habits riſe,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another roſe,
Theſe nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual thoſe;
The laſt ſcarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpleſs him from whom their life began:
Mem'ry and forecaſt, juſt returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age;
While pleaſure, gratitude, and hope combin'd,
Still ſpread the int'reſt, and preſerv'd the kind.

Nor think, in Nature's State they blindly trod;
The State of Nature was the Reign of God:
Self-love, and ſocial, at her birth began,
Union, the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor Arts, that pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſhade,
The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.

Verſ. 131.] How much farther Society is carried by Reaſon.
Verſ. 148.] Of the State of Nature: That it was Social.

In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undress'd,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
Heav'n's Attribute was universal care,
And Man's Prerogative to rule, but spare.
Ah how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The Fury-passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man a fiercer savage, Man.

See him from nature rising slow to art!
To copy instinct then was Reason's part;
Thus then to Man the Voice of Nature spake—
"Go, from the creatures thy instructions take;
"Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
"Learn from the beasts, the Physic of the field:
"Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
"Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
"Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
"Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

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Vers. 170.] Reason instructed by Instinct in the Invention of Arts, and in the Forms of Society.

Vers. 175.] Oppian. Halieut. lib. 1. describes this Fish in the following manner. "They swim on the surface of the sea, on "the back of their shells, which exactly resemble the hulk of a "ship; they raise two feet like masts, and extend a membrane "between, which serves as a sail; the other two feet they em- "ploy as oars at the side. They are usually seen in the Medi- "terranean."

" Here too all forms of ſocial union find,
" And hence let Reaſon, late, inſtruct mankind:
" Here ſubterranean works and cities ſee,
" There towns ærial on the waving tree.
" Learn each ſmall people's genius, policies;
" The Ants Republic, and the Realm of Bees;
" How thoſe in common all their ſtores beſtow,
" And Anarchy without confuſion know;
" And theſe for ever, tho' a monarch reign,
" Their ſep'rate cells and properties maintain.
" Mark what unvary'd laws preſerve their ſtate;
" Laws wiſe as nature, and as fix'd as fate.
" In vain thy Reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
" Entangle juſtice in her net of law,
" And right too rigid harden into wrong,
" Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.
" Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures ſway,
" Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey.
" And for thoſe arts mere Inſtinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as monarchs, or as GODS ador'd."

GREAT Nature ſpoke, obſervant Man obey'd;
Cities were built, ſocieties were made:
Here roſe one little ſtate another near
Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love, or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the ſtreams in purer rills deſcend?
What War could ravish, Commerce could beſtow,
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converſe and love mankind might ſtrongly draw,
When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus States were form'd, the name of King unknown,
Till common int'reſt plac'd the ſway in one.

Verſ. 197.] Origin of Political Societies.

'Twas Virtue only (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
The same which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
A Prince the father of a people made.

Till then, by nature crown'd, each Patriarch sate,
King, Priest, and Parent of his growing state;
On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their Law, his eye; their Oracle, his tongue:
He, from the wond'ring furrow, call'd their food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
Drew forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God, to mourn as man.
Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd
One great, first father, and that First ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son,
The Worker from the Work distinct was known,
And simple reason never sought but one:
E're Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right,
To virtue in the paths of pleasure trod,
And own'd a father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
For nature knew no right divine in men,
No ill could fear in God; and understood
A sovereign Being but a sovereign Good.
True Faith, true Policy, united ran,
That was but Love of God, and this of Man.

Vers. 213.]—of Patriarchal Government.

Vers. 233.] Origin of True Religion and Government, from the Principal of Love; and of Superstition and Tyranny, from that of Fear.

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one?
That proud exception to all nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counterwork its cause?
Force first made conquest, and that conquest, law;
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of conq'rors, slaves of subjects made:
She, midst the lightning's blaze and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw Gods descend, and Fiends infernal rise;
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak hope her Gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust,
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide,
And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride,
Then sacred seem'd th' etherial vault no more
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the flamen tasted living food,
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood,
With heav'ns own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
So drives Self-love thro' just and thro' unjust,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust:

Vers. 267.] The Influence of Self-love operating to the Social and Public Good.

The ſame Self-love, in all, becomes the cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, Government and Laws.
For what one likes, if others like as well,
What ſerves one will, when many wills rebel?
How ſhall he keep, what ſleeping or awake,
A weaker may ſurpriſe, a ſtronger take?
His ſafety muſt his liberty reſtrain:
All join to guard what each deſires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by ſelf-defence,
Ev'n Kings learn'd juſtice and benevolence:
Self-love forſook the path it firſt purſu'd,
And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the ſtudious head, or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or Patriot, roſe, but to reſtore
The faith and moral, Nature gave before;
Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his ſhadow drew:
Taught Pow'rs due uſe to People and to Kings,
Taught, nor to ſlack, nor ſtrain its tender ſtrings,
The leſs and greater ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too;
Till jarring int'reſts of themſelves create
Th' according Muſic of a well-mix'd ſtate,
Such is the World's great harmony, that ſprings
From Union, Order, full Conſent of things;
Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty, made
To ſerve, not ſuffer, ſtrengthen, not invade.
More pow'rful each, as needful to the reſt,
And in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt,

Verſ. 281.] Reſtoration of True Religion and Government on their firſt Principle. Mixed Governments; with the various forms of each, and the True Uſe of All.

Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

For forms of government let fools contest,
Whate'er is best administred is best;
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;
All must be false, that thwart this one, great end,
And all of GOD that bless mankind, or mend.

MAN, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives,
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul,
And one regards Itself, and one the Whole.

THUS GOD and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the Same.

The Deduction and Application of the foregoing Principles, with the Use or Abuse of Civil and Ecclesiastical Policy, was intended for the subject of the third Book.

EPISTLE IV.

O Happiness! our Being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content, whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, and dare to die:
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise,
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine,
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows—where grows it not?—If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where,
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee!

Ask of the learn'd the way, the learn'd are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?
One grants his pleasure is but rest from pain;
One doubts of all; one owns ev'n virtue vain.

Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave,
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;

Of the nature and state of Man with respect to Happiness.

Vers. 27.] Happiness the End of all men, and attainable by all.

Obvious her goods; in no extreme they dwell,
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well:
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common Sense, and common Ease.

Remember, Man, "the Universal Cause
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans, and hearkens to the kind:
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit rest self-satisfy'd:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share, and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Order is Heav'n's great law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, mightier than the rest.
More rich, more wise: but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase,
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance is not the thing;
Bliss is the same, in subject, or in king,

Vers. 33.] God governs by general, not particular laws; intends happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general.

Vers. 47.] It is necessary for Order, and the common Peace, that external goods be unequal; therefore Happiness is not constituted in these.

In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend.
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul.
But Fortune's gifts, if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?
If then to all men Happineſs was meant,
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;
But Heav'n's juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in Hope, and theſe in Fear:
Not preſent Good, or Ill, the joy or curſe,
But future views of better or of worſe.

Oh Sons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.

Know, all the Good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſures, all the joys of ſenſe,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health conſiſts with Temperance alone,
And Peace, O Virtue! Peace is all thy own;
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.
Say, in purſuit of profit or delight,
Who riſque the moſt, that take wrong means or right?

Verſ. 65.] The balance of human happineſs kept equal (notwithſtanding externals) by Hope and Fear.

The exemplification of this Truth, by a view of the equality of Happineſs in the ſeveral particular ſtations of life, were deſigned for the ſubject of a future Epiſtle.

Verſ. 75.] In what the happineſs of Individuals conſiſts; and that the Good Man has the advantage, even in this world.

Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all th' advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from, and disdains;
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below!
Who fancy Bliss to Vice, to Virtue Woe:
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools the Good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to All,
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, (more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave)
Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent heav'n a Parent to the poor, and me?

What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders will.
God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good.
Or change admits, or Nature lets it fall;
Short and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.
We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain,
That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,

Vers. 91.] That no man is unhappy thro' Virtue.

As that the virtuous ſon is ill at eaſe,
When his lewd father gave the dire diſeaſe.
Think we, like ſome weak prince, th' Eternal Cauſe,
Prone for his fav'rites to reverſe his laws?
SHALL burning Ætna, if a Sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recal her fires!
On air or ſea new motions be impreſt,
O blameleſs Bethel! to relieve thy breaſt?
When the looſe mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation ceaſe as you go by?
Or ſome old temple nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reſerve the hanging wall?
BUT ſtill this world (ſo fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better ſhall we have?
A kingdom of the Juſt then let it be:
But firſt conſider how thoſe Juſt agree.
The good muſt merit God's peculiar care;
But who but God can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own ſpirit fell,
Another deems him Inſtrument of hell;
If Calvin feel Heav'n's bleſſing, or its rod,
This cries, "there is," and that, "there is no God."
What ſhocks one part will edify the reſt,
Nor with one Syſtem can they all be bleſt,
The very beſt will variouſly incline,
And what rewards your Virtue, puniſh mine.
"Whatever IS, is RIGHT." This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæſar, but for Titus too:
And which more bleſt? who chain'd his country, ſay,
Or he, whoſe Virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day?
"BUT ſometimes Virtue ſtarves while Vice is fed;"
What then? Is the reward of Virtue, Bread:

That, Vice may merit: 'tis the price of toil:
The knave deſerves it when he tills the ſoil,
The knave deſerves it when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or drowns for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent,
Nor is his claim to Plenty, but Content.
But grant him Riches, your demand is o'er?
"No; ſhall the good want health, the good want pow'r?"
Add health, and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing:
"Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no king?"
Nay, why external for internal given?
Why is not man a God, and earth a Heaven;
Who aſk and reaſon thus, will ſcarce conceive
God gives enough while he has more to give:
Immenſe the power, immenſe were the demand:
Say, at what part of Nature will they ſtand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is Virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and ſix,
Juſtice a conqu'ror's ſword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown,
Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing.
How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone
The virtues of a ſaint at twenty-one!
For Riches, can they give but to the juſt,
His own contentment, or another's truſt?

Verſ. 167.] That external goods are not the proper Rewards of Virtue; often inconſiſtent with, or deſtructive of it: but that all theſe can make no man happy without Virtue. Inſtanced in each of them,

1. Riches,

Judges and ſenates have been bought for gold,
Eſteem and love were never to be ſold.
O Fool! to think, God hates the worthy mind,
The Lover, and the Love of human kind,
Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience clear;
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a year!

Honour or ſhame from no condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One ſlaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade,
The cobler apron'd, and the parſon gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend: A Wiſe Man and a Fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The reſt is all but leather or prunello.

Stuck o'er with Titles, and hung round with ſtrings,
That thou may'ſt be, by kings, or whores of kings.
Thy boaſted blood, a thouſand years or ſo,
May from Lucretia to Lucretia flow;
But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me thoſe only who were good and great.
Go! if your antient, but ignoble blood,
Has crept thro' ſcoundrels ever ſince the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Not own your fathers have been fools ſo long.
What can ennoble ſots, or ſlaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on Greatneſs, ſay where Greatneſs lies?
"Where, but among the Heroes, and the Wiſe?"

2. Honour. 3. Titles. 4. Birth. 5. Greatneſs.

Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's Madman to the Swede;
The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind;
Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his noſe.
No leſs alike the Politic and wiſe,
All ſly, ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes:
Men in their looſe, unguarded hours, they take,
Nor that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak.
But grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can cheat,
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a Villain Great:
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius, let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.

What's Fame? that fancy'd Life in others breath,
A thing beyond us ev'n before our death.
Juſt what you hear, you have; and what's unknown
The ſame (my Lord) if Tully's or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes or friends;
To all beſide as much an empty ſhade
An Eugene living as a Cæſar dead;
Alike, or when or where, they ſhone or ſhine
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A Wit's a Feather, and a Chief a Rod;
An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of God:
Fame but from death a villain's name can ſave,
As juſtice tears his body from the grave;

When what t'oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high to poiſon half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true deſert,
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart.
One ſelf-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzza's;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæſar with a Senate at his heels.

In Parts Superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wiſe;
'Tis but to know, how little can be known;
To ſee all others faults, and feel our own;
Condemn'd in Buſ'neſs or in Arts to drudge,
Without a Second, or without a Judge.
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourſelf to view
Above Life's weakneſs, and its Comforts too.

Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account,
Make fair deductions, ſee to what they amount,
How much of other each is ſure to coſt?
How each for other oft is wholly loſt?
How inconſiſtent greater goods with theſe?
How ſometimes Life is riſqu'd, and always eaſe?
Think, and if ſtill the things thy envy call,
Say, wouldſt thou be the Man to whom they fall?
To ſigh for ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind.

Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlaſting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient Story learn to ſcorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the falſe ſcale of happineſs compleat!
In hearts of Kings or arms of Queens who lay,
(How happy!) thoſe to ruin, theſe betray.
Mark by what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
From dirt and ſea-weed as proud Venice roſe;
In each, how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the Hero, ſunk the Man.
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with Blood, or ill exchang'd for Gold;
Then ſee them broke with toils, or ſunk in Eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated which no act of fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctify'd from ſhame!
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
Some greedy Minion, or imperious Wife,
The trophy'd Arches, ſtory'd halls invade,
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous ſhade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day:
The whole Amount of that enormous fame,
A Tale! that blends their glory with their ſhame.
Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)
"Virtue alone is Happineſs below:"
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſs'd in what it takes, and what it gives;

Verſ. 300.] That Virtue only conſtitutes a Happineſs whoſe Object is Univerſal, and whoſe Proſpect Eternal.

The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd, as the more diſtreſs'd:
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far, than Virtue's very tears.
Good from each object, from each place, acquir'd;
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd:
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain;
Since but to wiſh more Virtue, is to gain.

See! the ſole bliſs Heav'n could on All beſtow
Which who but feels, can taſte, but thinks, can know;
Yet poor with Fortune, and with Learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs, the Good untaught will find;
Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God,
Purſues that Chain which links th' immenſe deſign,
Joins Heav'n and Earth, and mortal, and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliſs can know,
But touches ſome above, and ſome below;
Learns, from this Union of the riſing whole,
The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;
And knows, where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in Love of God, and Love of Man.

For him alone, Hope leads from gole to gole,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;
Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.

Verſ. 318, &c.] That the Perfection of Happineſs conſiſts in a Conformity to the Order of Providence here and a Reſignation to it, here, and hereafter.

He ſees why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and Faith in bliſs unknown:
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek, they find)
Wiſe is the Preſent: ſhe connects in this
His greateſt Virtue with his greateſt Bliſs;
At once his own bright proſpect to the bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.

Self-love thus puſh'd to Social, to Divine,
Gives thee to make thy Neighbour's bleſſing thine:
Is this too little for the boundleſs heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Graſp the whole worlds, of reaſon, life, and ſenſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of Benevolence:
Happier, as kinder, in whate'er degree;
And height of Bliſs but height of Charity.

God loves from Whole to Parts: but human ſoul
Muſt riſe from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle ſtrait ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace,
His country next, and next all human race;
Wide, and more wide, th' overflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.

Come, then, my Friend! my Genius, come along,
O maſter of the Poet, and the Song!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;

Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere,
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
O! while along the ſtream of time, thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When Stateſmen, Heroes, Kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my Guide, Philoſopher, and Friend?
That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From Sounds to Things, from Fancy to the Heart;
For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light;
Shew'd erring Pride, Whatever IS, is RIGHT;
That Reaſon, Paſſion, anſwer one great Aim:
That true Self-love and Social are the ſame;
That Virtue only makes our Bliſs below;
And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

EPISTLES

TO

SEVERAL PERSONS.

Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia, neu ſe
Impediat verbis laſſas onerantibus aures;
Ex ſermone opus eſt, modo triſti, ſæpe jocoſo,
Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ:
Interdum Urbani parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas conſulto——

Hor.

EPISTLES

TO

SEVERAL PERSONS.

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To Sir RICHARD TEMPLE Lord Viſcount COBHAM.

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ſons, 130. Unimaginable Weakneſs in the Greateſt, 140. Nothing conſtant and certain but GOD and NATURE. Of Man we cannot judge, by his Nature, his Actions, his Paſſions, his Opinions, his Manners, Humours, or Principles, all ſubject to change, 160, &c. It only remains to find, if we can, his Ruling Paſſion: That will certainly influence all the reſt, and only can reconcile the ſeeming or real inconſiſtency of his Actions, 176. Inſtanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio, 181. A caution againſt miſtaking ſecond Qualities for firſt, which will deſtroy all poſſibility of the Knowledge of Mankind, 212. Examples of the ſtrength of the Ruling Paſſion, and its continuation to the laſt breath, 224, &c.

EPISTLE II.

Of the Characters of WOMEN.

TO A LADY.

OF the Characters of Women, conſidered only as contradiſtinguiſhed from the other Sex; that theſe are yet more inconſiſtent and incomprehenſible than thoſe of Men, of which inſtances are given even from ſuch Characters as are plaineſt, and moſt ſtrongly marked; as in the Affected, Verſ. 7, &c. The Soft-natured, 29. The Cunning, 45. The Whimſical, 50. The Wits and Refiners, 69. The Stupid and Silly, 80. How Contrarieties run thro' them all.

But tho' the particular Characters of this Sex are more various than thoſe of Men, the general characteriſtic, as to the Ruling Paſſion, is more uniform and confined. In what that lies, and whence it proceeds,

109. Men are beſt known in public life, Women in private, 110. What are the Aims, and the Fate of the Sex, both as to Power and Pleaſure, 121, 133, &c. Advice for their true Intereſt, 151. The picture of an eſtimable Woman, made up of the beſt kind of contrarieties, 171, &c.

EPISTLE III.

Of the Uſe of RICHES.

To ALLAN Lord BATHURST.

THE true uſe of Riches known to few, moſt falling into one of the extremes, Avarice or Profuſion, Verſ. 1, &c. The point diſcuſſed, whether the Invention of Money was more commodious or pernicious to Mankind? 21—28. Riches can ſcarce afford Neceſſaries either to the Avaritious or Prodigal, much leſs any Happineſs, 81, &c. It is never for their own Families, or for the Poor, that Miſers covet Wealth, but a direct Phrenzy without an end or purpoſe, 100. Conjectures about the Motives of avaricious men, 152. That it can only be accounted for by the Order of Providence, which works general Good out of Extremes, and brings all to its Great End by perpetual Revolutions, 153.—178. A Picture of a Miſer acting upon Principles which appear to him reaſonable, 179. Another of a Prodigal acting on the contrary Principles which ſeem to him equally right, 199. The due Medium and true Uſe of Riches, 219—248. The character and praiſes of the Man of Roſs, 250. The Fate of the Covetous and of the Profuſe, in two examples, 298—315. That both are miſerable, in Life and in Death. The Tale of Sir Balaam, the degrees of Corruption by Riches, and the Conſequences, 339, &c.

EPISTLE IV.

——To Richard Earl of Burlington.

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EPISTLE I.

TO

Sir RICHARD TEMPLE,

Lord Viſcount COBHAM.

YES, you deſpiſe the Man to Books confin'd,
Who from his ſtudy rails at human kind;
Tho' what he learns, he ſpeaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb Bird, ſo talkative and grave,
That from his cage cries cuckold, whore, and knave,
Tho' many a paſſenger he rightly call,
You hold him no Philoſopher at all.

AND yet the fate of all extremes is ſuch,
Men may be read, as well as Books, too much.
To obſervations which ourſelves we make,
We grow more partial for th' obſerver's ſake;
To written Wiſdom, as another's, leſs:
Maxims are drawn from Notions, theſe from Gueſs.

First printed in the year 1733. Verſ. 1.] Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men. That it is not ſufficient for this knowledge to conſider Man in the Abſtract.

Verſ. 10.] Not to be learned, either by Books, or our own obſervation ſingly, but by both.

There's ſome Peculiar in each leaf and grain;
Some unmark'd fibre, or ſome varying vein:
Shall only Man be taken in the groſs?
Grant but as many ſorts of Mind, as Moſs.

That each from other differs, firſt confeſs;
Next, that he varies from himſelf no leſs:
Add Nature's, Cuſtom's, Reaſon's, Paſſion's, ſtrife,
And all Opinion's colours caſt on life.

Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The Optics ſeeing, as the Objects ſeen.
All Manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come diſcolour'd thro' our Paſſions ſhown,
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thouſand dyes.

Our depths who fathoms, or our ſhallows finds?
Quick whirls, and ſhifting eddies, of our minds?
Life's ſtream for obſervation will not ſtay,
It hurries all too faſt to mark their way:
In vain ſedate reflexions we would make,
When half our knowledge we muſt ſnatch, not take:
On human Actions reaſon tho' you can,
It may be reaſon, but it is not Man;
His Principle of Action once explore,
That Inſtant, 'tis his principle no more;
Like following Life thro' creatures you diſſect,
You loſe it, in the moment you detect.

Verſ. 15.] General Maxims notional, a Peculiarity in every Man.

Verſ. 18.] There are above 300 ſorts of Moſs obſerved by Naturaliſts.

Verſ. 19.] The difficulties of diſcovering and fixing this Peculiarity.

Verſ. 20.] The Uncertainty of the Principle of Action in Men.

Oft, in the Paſſions wild rotation toſt,
Our Spring of Action to ourſelves is loſt:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the laſt we yield,
And what comes then is maſter of the field.
As the laſt image of that troubled heap,
When Senſe ſubſides, and Fancy ſports in ſleep,
(Tho' paſt the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the ſtuff of which our Dream is wrought;
Something, as dim to our internal view,
Is thus perhaps the cauſe of all we do.
In vain the grave, with retroſpective eye,
Would from th' apparent what conclude the why,
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and ſhow
That what we chanc'd, was what we meant to do,
Behold! if Fortune, or a Miſtreſs frowns
Some plunge in buſ'neſs, others ſhave their crowns:
To eaſe the ſoul of one oppreſſive weight,
This quits an Empire, that embroils a ſtate:
The ſame aduſt complexion has impell'd
Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.

Not always Actions ſhew the Man: we find,
Who does a kindneſs is not therefore kind;
Perhaps Proſperity becalm'd his breaſt;
Perhaps the Wind juſt ſhifted from the Eaſt;
Not therefore humble, he who ſeeks retreat,
Pride guides his ſteps, and bids him ſhun the Great:
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
He dreads a Death-bed like the meaneſt ſlave:

Verſ. 41.] Our own Principle of Action, often unknown to ourſelves.

Verſ. 51, &c. to 70.] No judging of the Motives from the Actions, the ſame Actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and contrary Actions from the ſame Motives.

Verſ. 60.] Charles V. Philip II.

Who reaſons wiſely is not therefore wiſe,
His pride in reas'ning, not in acting lies.
But grant that actions beſt diſcover Man;
Take the moſt ſtrong, and ſort them as you can.
The few that glare, each character muſt mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with ſuch as diſagree?
Suppreſs them, or miſcall them Policy?
Muſt then at once (the Character to ſave)
The plain rough Hero turn a crafty knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was ſick, in love, or had not din'd.
Ask why from Britain, Cæſar made retreat?
Cæſar perhaps had told you, he was beat.
The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a Punk?
The mighty Czar might anſwer, he was drunk.
But, ſage Hiſtorians! 'tis your taſk to prove
One action, Conduct, one, Heroic love.
'Tis from high Life high Characters are drawn;
A Saint in crape is twice a Saint in lawn;
A Judge is juſt, a Chanc'lor juſter ſtill;
A Gownman learn'd; a Biſhop what you will:
Wiſe, if a Miniſter; but if a King,
More wiſe, more learn'd, more juſt, more ev'ry thing.
Court-virtues bear, like gems, the higheſt rate,
Borne where Heav'ns influence ſcarce can penetrate:
In Life's low vale, (the ſoil the Virtues like)
They pleaſe as beauties, here as wonders ſtrike,
Tho' the ſame ſun with all-diffuſive rays
Bluſh in the roſe, and in the diamond blaze,

Verſ. 71.] To form Characters, we can only take the ſtrongeſt and moſt ſhining Actions of a man's Life, and try to make them conſiſtent. The Uncertainty of this.

Verſ. 87.] Characters given merely according to the Rank of men in this world.

We prize the ſtronger efforts of his pow'r,
And always ſet the gem above the flow'r.
'Tis Education forms the vulgar mind;
Juſt as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd.
Boaſtful and rough, your firſt Sop is a Squire;
The next a Tradeſman, meek, and much a liar;
Tom ſtruts a Soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will ſneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding Knave:
Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r;
A Quacker? ſly; a Preſbyterian? ſour;
A ſmart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.
True, ſome are open, and to all men known;
Others ſo very cloſe they're hid from none:
(So Darkneſs fills the eye no leſs than light)
Thus gracious Chandos is beloy'd at ſight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his ſoul
Still ſits at ſquat, and peeps not from his hole.
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves.
When univerſal homage Umbra pays,
All ſee 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praiſe.
Who but deteſts th' endearments of Courtine?
While one there is, who charms us with his ſpleen.
But theſe plain Characters we rarely find,
Tho' ſtrong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind.
Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole,
Or Affectation, quite reverſe the ſoul.
The dull, flat falſehood ſerves for policy,
And in the Cunning, Truth itſelf's a lye.
Unthought of Frailties cheat us in the Wiſe,
The Fool lies hid in Inconſiſtencies.

Verſ. 101.] Education alters the Characters of moſt men.
Verſ. 120.] Of plain Characters.
Verſ. 122.] Of the Cauſes confounding Characters.

See the ſame man, in vigour in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out:
Early at his buſ'neſs, and at hazard late;
Mad at a Fox chace, wiſe at a Debate;
Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithleſs at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave;
Save juſt at dinner——then prefers, no doubt,
A Rogue with Ven'ſon to a Saint without.

Who would not praiſe Patrico's high deſert;
His hand unſtain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehenſive head; all int'reſts weigh'd,
All Europe ſav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not; his pride was in Piquette,
Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a Bett.

Triumphant Leaders, at an Army's head,
Hemm'd round with Glories, pilfer cloth or bread,
As meanly plunder, as they bravely fought,
Now ſave a people, and now ſave a groat.

What made (ſay Montagne, or more ſage Charron!)
Otho a Warrior, Cromwell a Buffoon?
A perjur'd Prince a Leaden Saint revere?
A god-leſs Regent tremble at a Star?
The Throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,
Faithleſs thro' Piety, and dup'd thro' wit?

Verſ. 130.] Of the Inconſiſtency of a Man with himſelf.

Verſ. 136.] Unimaginable Weakneſſes in the beſt or greateſt men.

Verſ. 152.] A perjured Prince, &c. Lewis XI. of France.

Verſ. 155, &c.] Victor Amadeo II. King of Sardinia, who reſigned his Crown to his Son, and afterwards being inclined to reſume it, was impriſoned till he died.

Europe, a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule;
And juſt her ableſt Monarch made a fool?
KNOW, God and Nature only are the ſame:
In Man, the judgment ſhoots at flying game:
A Bird of paſſage, loſt as ſoon as found;
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground!
ASK mens Opinions: Scoto now ſhall tell
How trade increaſes, and the world goes well;
Strike off his penſion by the ſetting ſun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
MANNERS with Fortunes, Humours change with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.
Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
Int'reſt o'ercome, or Policy take place:
By Actions? thoſe Uncertainty divides:
By Paſſions? theſe Diſſimulation hides:
Affections? they ſtill take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change?
'TIS in the Ruling Paſſion: there alone,
The wild are conſtant, and the cunning known,
The fool conſiſtent, and the falſe ſincere;
Prieſts, Princes, Women, no diſſemblers here.
This Clue once found, unravels all the reſt;
The proſpect clears, and Clodio ſtands confeſt.

Verſ. 158.] Nothing conſtant and certain, but God and Nature.

Verſ. 162.] No judgment to be made of Men by their Opinions, Manners, Humours, Principles, Conſtitution, Actions, Affections, Paſſions——only by the RULING PASSION.

Verſ. 175.] This, if to be found, reconciles the ſeeming, or real Inconſiſtencies of Mens Actions. An Example, in a Character of the ſtrongeſt Contradictions.

Clodio, the Scorn and Wonder of our days,
Whoſe ruling paſſion was the Luſt of Praiſe;
Born with whate'er could win it from the wiſe,
Women and Fools muſt like him, or he dies!
Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he ſpoke,
The Club muſt hail him, Maſter of the Joke.
Shall parts ſo various aim at nothing new?
He'll ſhine a Tully, and a Wilmot too:
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the ſame ſpirit that he drinks and whores:
Enough, if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Fry'r.
Thus, with each gift of Nature and of Art,
And wanting nothing but an honeſt heart;
Grown all to all, from no one Vice exempt,
And moſt contemptible to ſhun contempt:
His Paſſion, ſtill to covet gen'ral praiſe,
His Life, to forfeit it a thouſand ways;
A conſtant bounty, which no friend has made;
An angel-tongue, which no man can perſuade;
A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind,
Too raſh for Thought, for Action too refin'd;
A Tyrant to the Wife his heart approves;
A Rebel to the very King he loves;
He dies, ſad out-caſt of each Church and State!
And (harder ſtill) flagitious, yet not great!
Ask you why Clodio broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the Knaves ſhould call him Fool.
Nature well known, no Miracles remain;
Comets are regular, and Clodio plain.
Yet in the ſearch the wiſeſt may miſtake,
If ſecond qualities for firſt they take:

Verſ. 210.] A caution againſt the miſtake of ſecond qualities for firſt, which will deſtroy all poſſibility of the Knowledge of Mankind.

When Cataline by rapine ſwell'd his ſtore,
When Cæſar made a noble Dame a Whore,
In this the Luſt, in that the Avarice,
Were means, not ends: Ambition was the vice.
That very Cæſar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd like him, by Chaſtity, at praiſe:
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roaſted turnips in the Sabin farm.
In vain th' Obſerver eyes the Builder's toil.
But quite miſtakes the Scaffold for the Pile.

In this one Paſſion, Man can ſtrength enjoy,
As fits give vigour, juſt when they deſtroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this: it ſticks to our laſt ſand:
Conſiſtent in our follies, and our ſins,
Here honeſt Nature ends as ſhe begins.

Behold a Rev'rend Sire, whom Want of grace
Has made the father of a nameleſs race,
Crawl thro' the ſtreet, ſhov'd on, or rudely preſs'd
By his own ſons that paſs him by unbleſs'd!
Still to his wench he creeps on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry Sparrow that he ſees.

A Salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate:
The Doctor call'd, declares all help too late.
Mercy! cries Helluo, mercy on my ſoul!
Is there no hope? alas! then bring the jowl!

"Odious! in Woollen! 'twould a Saint provoke,
(Were the laſt words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke)
"No, let a charming chintz, and Bruſſels lace
"Wrap my cold limbs, and ſhade my lifeleſs face:

Verſ. 222.] Examples of the ſtrength, and certain continuance of the Ruling Paſſion till Death.

Of the Uſe of this Paſſion, See the Eſſay on Man, Epiſt. ii, verſ. 123, 155, 165.

" One would not, ſure, be frightful when one's dead—
" And, Betty! give this cheek a little Red."

Old Politicians chew on Wiſdom paſt,
And blunder on in Buſ'neſs to the laſt;
As weak as earneſt; and as gravely out,
As ſober Lanesb'row, dancing in the gout.

The Courtier ſmooth, who forty years had ſhin'd
An humble Servant to all human kind,
Juſt brought out this, when ſcarce his tongue could ſtir,
" If —where I'm going—I could ſerve you, Sir."
" I give and I deviſe (old Euclio ſaid,
" And ſigh'd) my Lands and Tenements to Ned."
Your Money, Sir? " My Money, Sir? what all!
" Why—if I muſt—(then wept) I give it Paul."
The Mannor, Sir! " The Mannor! hold, he cry'd,
" Not that—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.

And you! brave Cobham, to the lateſt breath,
Shall feel your Ruling Paſſion ſtrong in death:
Such in thoſe moments, as in all the paſt,
" O ſave my Country, Heav'n!" ſhall be your laſt.

Verſ. 247.] An antient Nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were diſabled by the Gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to adviſe her to preſerve her health, and diſpel her grief by Dancing.

The reſt of theſe inſtances are ſtrictly true, tho' the perſons are not named.

EPISTLE II.

To a Lady.

NOTHING ſo true as what you once let fall,
"Moſt Women have no Characters at all."
Matter too ſoft a laſting mark to bear,
And beſt diſtinguiſh'd by black, brown, or fair.
How many Pictures of one Nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's Counteſs, here in ermin'd pride,
Is there Paſtora by a fountain ſide:
Here Fannia leering on her own good man,
Is there, a naked Leda with a Swan.
Let then the Fair-one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's looſe hair and lifted eye,
Or dreſt in ſmiles of ſweet Cecilia ſhine,
With ſimp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine;
Whether the charmer ſinner it, or ſaint it,
If Folly grows romantic, I muſt paint it?
COME then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air,
Chuſe a firm cloud before it fall, and in it,
Catch, e'er ſhe change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Of the Characters of WOMEN, (a corolary to the former Epiſtle) treating of this Sex only as contradiſtinguiſhed from the other. Firſt publiſhed in 1735.

Verſ. 1.] That the particular Characters of Women are not ſo ſtrongly marked as thoſe of Men, ſeldom ſo fixed, and ſtill more inconſiſtent with themſelves.

Rufa, whoſe eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a Spark.
Agrees as ill, with Rufa ſtudying Locke,
As Sapho's diamonds with her dirty ſmock;
Or Sapho, at her toilet's greazy taſk,
And iſſuing flagrant to an evening Maſk:
So morning inſects that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow, in the ſetting ſun.
How ſoft is Silia! fearful to offend,
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend:
To her, Caliſta prov'd her conduct nice,
And good Simplicius aſks of her advice.
Sudden ſhe ſtorms! ſhe raves! You tip the wink,
But ſpare your cenſure, Silia does not drink.
All eyes may ſee from what the change aroſe,
All eyes may ſee——a Pimple on her noſe.
Papillia, wedded to her am'rous ſpark,
Sighs for the ſhades—"How charming is a Park!"
A Park is purchas'd; but the Fair he ſees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious Trees!"
Ladies like variegated Tulips ſhow,
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe,
Such happy ſpots the nice admirer take,
Fine by defect, and delicately weak.
'Twas thus Calypſo once our hearts alarm'd,
Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as odly as her eyes,
Leſs Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wiſe;

Inſtances of this Poſition, given even from ſuch Characters as are moſt ſtrongly marked, and ſeemingly therefore moſt conſiſtent. As,

I. Contrarieties in the Affected, verſ. 21.

II. Contrarieties in the Soft-natured, verſ. 29 & 31.

III. Contrarieties in the Cunning and Artful, verſ. 45.

Strange graces ſtill, and ſtranger ſlights ſhe had,
Was juſt not ugly, and was juſt not mad;
Yet ne'er ſo pure our paſſion to create,
As when ſhe touch'd the brink of all we hate.
Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a waſh would hardly ſtew a child,
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r,
And paid a tradeſman once to make him ſtare;
Gave alms at Eaſter, in a Chriſtian trim,
And made a widow happy for a whim.
Why then declare Good-nature is her ſcorn,
When 'tis by that alone ſhe can be borne?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to Pleaſure, yet a ſlave to Fame!
Now deep in Taylor, and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres.
Now Conſcience chills her, and now Paſſion burns;
And Atheiſm and Religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet ſtill a ſad, good Chriſtian at her heart.
See Sin in State, majeſtically drunk;
Proud as a Peereſs, prouder as a Punk;
Chaſte to her Husband, frank to all beſide,
A teeming Miſtreſs, but a barren Bride.
What then? let Blood and Body bear the Fault,
Her Head's untouch'd, that noble Seat of Thought:
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She ſins with Poets thro' pure Love of Wit,
What has not fir'd her boſom or her brain?
Cæſar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.
As Helluo, late Dictator of the Feaſt,
The Noſe of Hautgout, and the Tip of Taſte,

IV. Contrarieties in the Whimſical, verſ. 53.

Critick'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat;
So Philomede, lect'ring all mankind
On the ſoft Paſſion, and the Taſte refin'd,
Th' Addreſs, the Delicacy—ſtoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a Dunce.

Flavia's a Wit, has too much ſenſe to pray,
To toaſt our wants and wiſhes, is her way;
Nor aſks of God, but of her Stars to give
The mighty bleſſing, "While we live, to live."
Then all for Death, that Opiate of the ſoul!
Lucretia's dagger, Roſamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cauſe ſuch impotence of mind?
A Spark too fickle, or a Spouſe too kind.
Wiſe Fool! with pleaſures too refin'd to pleaſe,
With too much ſpirit to be e'er at eaſe,
With too much quickneſs ever to be taught,
With too much thinking to have common thought:
You purchaſe pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a Rage to live.

Turn then from wits; and look on Simo's mate;
No Aſs ſo meek, no Aſs ſo obſtinate:
Or her, that owns her faults, but never mends,
Becauſe ſhe's honeſt, and the beſt of friends:
Or her, whoſe life the Church and ſcandal ſhare,
For ever in a Paſſion or a Pray'r:
Or her who laughs at hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, Oh how charming if there's no ſuch place!
Or who in ſweet viciſſitude appears
Of Mirth and Opium, Ratafie and Tears,
The daily Anodyne and nightly draught,
To kill thoſe foes to fair ones, Time and Thought.

V. Contrarieties in the Witty and Refined, ver. 87.
VI. Contrarieties in the Stupid and Simple, ver. 101.

Woman and Fool are two hard things to hit,
For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.
But what are these to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all Womankind!
Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth;
Shines, in exposing Knaves, and painting Fools,
Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules.
No Thought advances, but her eddy Brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
The wisest Fool much time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No Passion gratify'd, except her rage.
So much the Fury still out-ran the Wit,
The Pleasure miss'd her, and the Scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with Violence pursu'd,
Nor more a storm her hate than Gratitude:
To that each Passion turns, or soon or late;
Love, if it make her yield, must make her hate:
Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse!
But an Inferior not dependant? worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live:
But die, and she'll adore you—Then the Bust
And Temple rise—then fall again to dust.
Last night, her Lord was all that's good and great;
A Knave this morning, and his Will a Cheat,
Strange! by the Means defeated of the Ends,
By Spirit robb'd of Pow'r, by Warmth of Friends,
By Wealth of Follow'rs! without one distress
Sick of herself, thro' very selfishness!

Atoſſa curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childleſs with all her children, wants an Heir.
To Heirs unknown deſcends th' unguarded ſtore,
Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, to the Poor.

Pictures like theſe, Dear Madam, to deſign,
Aſks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, ſome reflected light,
Some flying ſtroke alone can hit them right;
For how ſhould equal colours do the knack,
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?

"Yet Cloe ſure was form'd without a ſpot."—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
"With ev'ry pleaſing, ev'ry prudent part,
"Say, what can Cloe want?"—She wants a heart.
She ſpeaks, behaves, and acts, juſt as ſhe ought;
But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous thought.
Virtue ſhe finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in Decencies for ever.
So very reaſonable, ſo unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her Lover pants upon her breaſt,
Can mark the figures on an Indian cheſt;
And when ſhe ſees her Friend in deep deſpair,
Obſerves how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair.
Forbid it, Heav'n! a Favour or a Debt
She e'er ſhould cancel—but ſhe may forget.
Safe is your Secret ſtill in Cloe's ear;
But none of Cloe's ſhall you ever hear.
Of all her Dears ſhe never ſlander'd one,
But cares not if a thouſand are undone.
Would Cloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Cloe is prudent—Would you too be wiſe?
Then never break your heart when Cloe dies.

One certain Portrait may, I grant, be ſeen,
Which Heav'n has varniſh'd out, and made a Queen:
The same for ever! and deſcrib'd by all
With Truth and Goodneſs, as with Crown and Ball.
Poets heap Virtues, Painters Gems at will,
And ſhow their zeal, and hide their want of ſkill.
'Tis well—but Artiſts! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
The Robe of Quality ſo ſtruts and ſwells,
None ſee what Parts of Nature it conceals;
Th' exacteſt traits of Body or of Mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queenſberry to ſtrip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we muſt take a Helen.
From Peer or Biſhop 'tis no eaſy thing
To draw the man who loves his God or King:
Alas! I copy, or my draught would fail,
From honeſt Mah'met, or plain parſon Hale.
But grant, in public, Men ſometimes are ſhown,
A Woman's ſeen in private life alone:
Our bolder Talents in full view diſplay'd,
Your Virtues open faireſt in the ſhade.
Bred to diſguiſe, in public 'tis you hide;
There none diſtinguiſh 'twixt your Shame or Pride,
Weakneſs or Delicacy; all ſo nice,
That each may ſeem a Virtue or a Vice.
In Men, we various ruling Paſſions find,
In Women, two almoſt divide the kind;
Thoſe only fix'd, they firſt or laſt obey,
The Love of Pleaſures, and the Love of Sway.

Verſ. 207.] The former part having ſhewn that the particular Characters of Women are more various than thoſe of Men, it is nevertheleſs obſerved, that the general characteriſtic of the ſex, as to the Ruling Paſſion, is more uniform.

That, Nature gives; and where the leſſon taught
Is ſtill to pleaſe, can Pleaſure ſeem a fault;
Experience, this: by man's oppreſſion curſt,
They ſeek the ſecond not to loſe the firſt.
Men, ſome to Buſ'neſs, ſome to Pleaſure take,
But every Woman is at heart a Rake:
Men, ſome to quiet, ſome to public Strife,
But every Lady would be Queen for Life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!
Pow'r all their end, but Beauty all the means.
In youth they conquer, with ſo wild a rage,
As leaves them ſcarce a ſubject in their age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam:
No thought of Peace or Happineſs at home.
But Wiſdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,
As hard a ſcience to the Fair as great!
Beauties, like Tyrants, old and friendleſs grown,
Yet hate Repoſe, and dread to be alone:
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Not leave one ſigh behind them when they die.
Pleaſures the Sex, as Children birds, purſue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view,
Sure, if they catch, to ſpoil the toy at moſt,
To covet flying, and regret when loſt.
At laſt, to follies Youth could ſcarce defend,
It grows their Age's prudence to pretend:
Aſham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
As Hags hold Sabbaths, leſs for joy than ſpight,
So theſe their merry miſerable Night;

Verſ. 211.] This is occaſioned partly by their Nature, partly their Education, and in ſome degree by Neceſſity.

Verſ. 219.] What are the Aims and Fate of this Sex?

I. As to Power, verſ. 222.

II. As to Pleaſure, verſ. 235.

Still round and round the Ghoſts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their Honour died.
See how the World its veterans rewards?
A Youth of Frolicks, an old Age of Cards,
Fair to no purpoſe, artful to no end,
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend,
A Fop their Paſſion, but their Prize a Sot,
Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot!

Ah Friend! to dazzle let the vain deſign,
To raiſe the thought, and touch the heart, be thine!
That charm ſhall grow, while what fatigues the Ring
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing.
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the ſight,
All mild aſcends the Moon's more ſober light,
Serene in Virgin Modeſty ſhe ſhines,
And unobſerv'd the glaring Orb declines.

Oh! bleſt with Temper, whoſe unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day;
She, who can love a Siſter's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She, who ne'er anſwers till a Huſband cools,
Or, if ſhe rules him, never ſhows ſhe rules;
Charms by accepting, by ſubmitting ſways,
Yet has her humour moſt, when ſhe obeys;

Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will;
Diſdains all loſs of Tickets, or Codille;
Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
And Miſtreſs of herſelf, tho' China fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at beſt a Contradiction ſtill.
Heav'n, when it ſtrives to poliſh all it can,
Its laſt, beſt work, but forms a ſofter Man;

Verſ. 251.] Advice for their true Intereſt.

Verſ. 271.] The Picture of an eſtimable Woman, with the beſt kind of Contrarieties.

Picks from each sex, to make the Fav'rite blest,
Your love of Pleasure, our desire of Rest,
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your Taste of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools.
Reserve with Frankness, Art with Truth ally'd,
Courage with softness, Modesty with Pride,
Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces——You.

Be this a Woman's Fame: With this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and Queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd, (I forget the year,)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your Parent's simple pray'r,
And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf
That buys your Sex a Tyrant o'er itself:
The gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,
And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines,
Kept Dross for Duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave Sense, Good-humour, and a Poet.

EPISTLE III.

To the Rt. Honourable

Allan Lord Bathurst *.

Who ſhall decide, when Doctors diſagree,
And ſoundeſt Caſuiſts doubt, like you and me?
You hold the Word from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That Man was made the ſtanding jeſt of Heav'n,
And Gold but ſent to keep the fools in play,
For half to heap, and half to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And ſurely Heav'n and I are of a mind)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the ſhining miſchief under ground:
But when, by Man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this Rival to its ſire the Sun,
Then, in plain proſe, were made two ſorts of men,
To ſquander ſome, and ſome to hide agen.

Like Doctors thus, when much diſpute has paſt,
We find our Tenets juſt the ſame at laſt:
Both fairly owning, Riches in effect
No Grace of Heav'n, or token of th'Elect;
Giv'n to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.

* Firſt publiſhed in 1732.

Of the Uſe of Riches. That the true uſe of Riches is known to few, moſt falling into one of the extremes, Avarice or Profuſion, verſ. 1, &c.

Verſ. 20.] John Ward of Hackney, Eſq; Member of Parliament, being proſecuted by the Ducheſs of Buckingham, and convicted of Forgery, was firſt expelled the Houſe, and then ſtood on the Pillory on the 17th of March 1727. He was ſuſpected

What Nature wants, commodious Gold beſtows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another ſows:
But how unequal it beſtows, obſerve,
'Tis thus we riot, while who ſow it, ſtarve.

of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blount to ſecret fifty thouſand pounds of that director's eſtate, forfeited to the South-Sea company by act of parliament. The company recovered the fifty thouſand pounds againſt Ward; but he ſet up prior conveyances of his real eſtate to his brother and ſon, and concealed all his perſonal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thouſand pounds: Theſe conveyances being alſo ſet aſide by a bill in chancery, Ward was impriſoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life by not giving in his effects till the laſt day, which was that of his examination. During his confinement, his amuſement was to give poiſon to dogs and cats, and ſee them expire by ſlower or quicker torments. To ſum up the worth of this Gentleman, at the ſeveral Æra's of his life; at his ſtanding on the pillory, he was worth above two hundred thouſand pounds; at his commitment to priſon, he was worth one hundred and fifty thouſand, but has been ſince ſo far diminiſhed in his reputation, as to be thought a worſe man by fifty or ſixty thouſand.

Francis Chartres, a man infamous for all manner of vice. When he was an enſign in the army, he was drummed out of the Regiment for a Cheat; he was next baniſhed Bruſſels, and drummed out of Ghent on the ſame account. After a hundred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant intereſt, and on great penalties, accumulating premium, intereſt, and capital into a new capital, and ſeizing to a minute when the payments became due: in a word, by a conſtant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immenſe fortune. His houſe was a perpetual bawdy-houſe. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned, but the laſt time not without impriſonment in Newgate, and large confiſcations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace, at his funeral, raiſed a great riot, almoſt tore the body out of the coffin, and caſt dead dogs, &c. into the grave along with it. The following Epitaph contains his character very juſtly, drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot:

What Nature wants (a phraſe I much diſtruſt)
Extends to Luxury, extends to Luſt;

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY, and
INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life,
PERSISTED,
In ſpite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the Practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE;
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
His inſatiable AVARICE exempted him from the firſt,
His matchleſs IMPUDENCE from the ſecond.
Nor was he more ſingular in the undeviating Pravity
of his Manners, than ſucceſsful in
Accumulating WEALTH:
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY Service,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.
He was the only Perſon of his Time,
Who could CHEAT without the Maſk of HONESTY,
Retain his Primæval MEANNESS when poſſeſſed of
TEN THOUSAND a-YEAR;
And, having daily deſerved the Gibbet for what he did,
Was at laſt condemned to it for what he could not do.
Oh Indignant Reader!
Think not his Life Uſeleſs to Mankind!
PROVIDENCE connived at his execrable Deſigns,
To give to After-ages a conſpicuous
PROOF and EXAMPLE,
Of how ſmall Eſtimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
In the Sight of GOD, by his beſtowing it on
The moſt Unworthy of ALL MORTALS.

This Gentleman was worth Seven Thouſand Pounds a-year Eſtate in Land, and about One Hundred Thouſand in Money.

Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark Assassin hires:
Trade it may help, society extend;
But lures the Pyrate, and corrupts the friend:
It raises Armies in a Nation's aid;
But bribes a Senate, and the land's betray'd.
In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave,
If secret Gold sap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confess, beneath the Patriots cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea spake,
And gingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a Rogue as you."
Blest paper-credit! last and best supply,
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold, imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings;

Mr. Waters, the third of these Worthies, was a man no way resembling the former in his military, but extremely so in his civil capacity; his great fortune having been raised by the like diligent attendance on the Necessities of others. But this Gentleman's History must be deferred till his death, when his Worth may be known more certainly.

Vers. 25. "What Nature wants, &c."] The point discussed, Whether the invention of Money has been more commodious or pernicious to Mankind?

Vers. 35.------"beneath the Patriot's cloak."] This is a true story, which happened in the reign of William III. to an unsuspected old Patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been closeted by the King, where he had received a large bag of Guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there.

Vers. 42.----"fetch or carry Kings."] In our Author's time, many Princes had been sent about the world, and great changes of Kings projected in Europe. The Partition-treaty had disposed of Spain, France had set up a King for England, who was sent to Scotland, and back again; King Stanislaus was sent to Poland, and back again; the Duke of Anjou was sent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy.

A ſingle leaf ſhall waft an army o'er,
Or ſhip off Senates to a diſtant ſhore;
A leaf like Sybil's, ſcatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes as the winds ſhall blow;
Pregnant with thouſands flits the ſcrap unſeen,
And ſilent ſells a King, or buys a Queen.
Oh! that ſuch bulky Bribes as all might ſee
Still, as of old, encumber'd Villany!
Could France or Rome divert our brave deſigns,
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than Knights and Squires confound,
Or water all the Quorum ten miles round?
A Stateſman's ſlumbers how this ſpeech would ſpoil!
"Sir, Spain has ſent a thouſand jars of oil;
"Huge bales of Britiſh cloth blockade the door;
"A hundred Oxen at your Levee roar."

Poor Avarice one torment more would find,
Nor could Profuſion ſquander all in kind.
Aſtride his cheeſe Sir Morgan might we meet,
And Worldly crying Coals from ſtreet to ſtreet,
Whom with a Wig ſo wild, and mien ſo maz'd,
Pity miſtakes for ſome poor Tradeſman craz'd.

Verſ. 44. "Or ſhip off Senates to ſome diſtant ſhore."] Alludes to ſeveral Miniſters, Counſellors, and Patriots baniſhed in our times to Siberia, and to that more glorious fate of the Parliament of Paris, baniſhed to Pontoiſe in the year 1720.

Verſ. 45. "A leaf like Sybil's."] — Virg. Æn. 6.

Verſ. 63.] Some Miſers of great Wealth, Proprietors of the Coal-mines, had entered at this time into an aſſociation to keep up Coals to an extravagant price, whereby the Poor were reduced almoſt to ſtarve, till one of them taking the advantage of underſelling the reſt, defeated the deſign. One of theſe Miſers was worth ten thouſand pounds, and another ſeven thouſand a-year.

Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
Could he himſelf have ſent it to the dogs?
His Grace will game: to White's a Bull be led,
With ſpurning heels, and with a butting head:
To White's be carry'd, as to the ancient Games,
Fair Courſers, Vaſes, and alluring Dames.
Shall then Uxurio, if the ſtakes be ſweep,
Bear home ſix whores, and make his Lady weep?
Or ſoft Adonis, ſo perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of Swine?
Oh filthy check on all induſtrious ſkill,
To ſpoil the Nation's laſt great Trade, Quadrille!
Since then, my Lord, on ſuch a world we fall,
What ſay you? Say? Why take it, Gold and all.
What Riches give us, let us then enquire;
Meat, fire, and cloaths. What more? meat, cloaths, and fire,
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.

Verſ. 65.] Sir William Colepepper, Bart. a perſon of an antient Family and ample Fortune, without any other quality of a Gentleman, who, after ruining himſelf at the gaming-table, paſt the reſt of his days in ſitting there to ſee the Ruin of others; preferring to ſubſiſt upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refuſing a poſt in the army which was offered him.

Verſ. 79.] That Riches, either to the Avaricious or the Prodigal, cannot afford Neceſſaries, much leſs Happineſs.

Verſ. 82.) One, who being poſſeſſed of three hundred thouſand pounds, laid down his Coach, becauſe Intereſt was reduced from 5 to 4 per cent. and then put ſeventy thouſand into the Charitable Corporation for better intereſt: which ſum having loſt, he took it ſo much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was Heir to another conſiderable eſtate which he daily expected, and that by this courſe of life he ſaved both cloaths and all other expences.

Alas! 'tis more than (all his Viſions paſt)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at laſt!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins Heirs?
To Chartres, Vigour; Japhet, Noſe and Ears?
Can they in gems bid pallid Hippia glow,
In Fulvia's buckle eaſe the throbs below?
Or heal, old Narſes, thy obſcener ail,
With all th' embrod'ry plaiſter'd at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wiſe to ſpend)
Give Harpax ſelf the bleſſing of a friend:
Or find ſome Doctor that would ſave the life,
Of wretched Shylock, ſpite of Shylock's wife:

Verſ. 84.] A Nobleman of great qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been vices and follies. See his Character in the firſt Epiſtle of the ſecond Book.

Verſ. 85.] A Citizen, whoſe Rapacity obtained him the name VULTUR HOPKINS. He lived worthleſs, but died worth three hundred thouſand pounds; which he would give to no perſon living, but left it ſo as not to be inherited till after the ſecond generation. His Counſel repreſenting to him how many years it muſt be before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at intereſt all that time, he expreſs'd great joy thereat, and ſaid, "They would then be as long in ſpending, as he had "been in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards ſet aſide the Will, and gave it to the Heir at Law.

Verſ. 86.] Japhet Crook, alias Sir Peter Stranger was puniſhed with the loſs of thoſe parts, for having forged a Conveyance of an Eſtate to himſelf, upon which he took up ſeveral thouſand pounds. He was at the ſame time ſued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a Will, by which he poſſeſſed another conſiderable Eſtate, in wrong of the brother of the deceas'd. By theſe means he was worth a great Sum, which (in reward for the ſmall loſs of his Ears) he enjoyed in priſon till his death, and quietly left to his Executor.

But thouſands die, without or this or that,
Die, and endow a College, or a Cat:
To ſome indeed Heav'n grants the happier fate
T' enrich a Baſtard, or a ſon they hate.

Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part?
Bond damns the Poor, and hates them from his heart:
The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
That "ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:
"God cannot love (ſays Blunt with tearleſs eyes)
"The wretch he ſtarves"—and piouſly denies;
But the good Biſhop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet, to be juſt to theſe poor men of Pelf,
Each does not hate his neighbour as himſelf:
Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides
The ſlave that digs it, and the ſlave that hides.

Verſ. 96.] A famous Ducheſs of Richmond in her Laſt-will left conſiderable Legacies and Annuieties to her Cats.

Verſ. 100. Bond damns the Poor——
But rev'rend Sutton with a ſofter air
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

In the year 1730, a Corporation was eſtabliſhed to lend money to the Poor upon Pledges, by the name of the Charitable Corporation. It was under the direction of the Right Honourable Sir R. S. Sir Arch. Grant, Mr. Dennis Bond, Ms. Burroughs, &c. But the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of ſuch numbers, that it became a parliamentary concern to endeavour the relief of thoſe unhappy ſufferers, and three of the managers, who were Members of the Houſe, were expelled. That "God hates the Poor," and "That every Man in want is Knave or Fool, &c." were the genuine Apothegms of ſome of the perſons here mentioned.

Verſ. 108.] That Avarice is an abſolute Frenſy, without any End or Purpoſe. Conjectures about the Motives of avaritious Men.

Who ſuffer thus, mere Charity ſhould own,
Muſt act on motives pow'rful tho' unknown:
Some War, ſome Plague, or Famine they forſee,
Some Revelation, hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal, the cauſe is found,
He thinks a Loaf will riſe to fifty pound.
What made Directors cheat in South-ſea year?
To live on Ven'ſon when it ſold ſo dear.
Aſk you why Phryne the whole Auction buys;
Phryne forſees a General Exciſe.
Why ſhe and Sapho raiſe that monſtrous ſum?
Alas! they fear a Man will coſt a plum.
Wise Peter ſees the world's reſpect for Gold,
And therefore hopes this Nation may be ſold
Glorious Ambition! Peter, ſwell thy ſtore,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

Verſ. 118.] In the extravagance and luxury of the South-Sea year, the price of a haunch of veniſon, was from three to five pounds.

Verſ. 120.] Many people about the year 1733 had a conceit that a General Exciſe was intended, of which it is not improbable this Lady might have ſome intimation.

Verſ. 123.] Peter Walter, a perſon not only eminent in the wiſdom of his profeſſion, as a dextrous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a ſafe, Conveyancer, extremely reſpected by the Nobility of this Land, tho' free from all manner of Luxury and Oſtentation: His Wealth was never ſeen, and his Bounty never heard of, except to his own Son, for whom he procured an Employment of conſiderable profit, of which he gave him as much as was neceſſary. Therefore the taxing this Gentleman with any Ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him.

Verſ. 126.] Didius, a Roman Lawyer, ſo rich as to purchaſe the Empire when it was ſet to ſale upon the death of Pertinax.

The Crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary Realms, and worlds of Gold.
Congenial souls! whose life one Av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian Mines.

Much injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in these words our fate:
"At length Corruption, like a gen'ral flood,
"(So long by watchful Ministers withstood)
"Shall deluge all; and Av'rice creeping on,
"Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the Sun;
"Statesman and Patriot ply alike the stocks,
"Peeress and Buttler share alike the Box,

Vers. 127.] The two Persons here mentioned were of Quality, each of whom in the time of the Mississippi despised to realize above three hundred thousand pounds: This Gentleman, with a view to the purchase of the Crown of Poland, the Lady in a vision of the like Royal nature. They since retired into Spain, where they are still in search of Gold, in the Mines of the Asturies.

Vers. 133.] Sir John Blunt, originally a Scrivener, was one of the first Projectors of the South-Sea Company, and afterwards one of the Directors and chief Mannagers of the famous scheme in 1720. He was also one of those who suffered most severely by the Bill of Pains and Penalties on the said Directors. He was a Dissenter of a most religious deportment, and confessed to be a great Believer. Whether he did really credit the Prophecy here mentioned is not certain; but it was constantly in this very style he declaimed against the Corruption and Luxury of the Age, the Partiality of Parliaments, and the Misery of Party-Spirit. He was particularly eloquent against Avarice in great and Noble Persons, of which he had indeed lived to see many miserable Examples. He died in the year 1732.

"And Judges job, and Biſhops bite the town,
"And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.
"See Britain ſunk in lucre's ſordid charms,
"And France reveng'd of Ann's and Edward's arms!"
'Twas no Court bage, great Scriv'ner! fir'd thy brain,
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:
No 'twas thy righteous end, aſham'd to ſee
Senates degen'rate, patriots diſagree,
And nobly wiſhing party-rage to ceaſe,
To buy both ſides, and give thy country peace.

"ALL this is madneſs," cries a ſober ſage:
But who, my friend, has reaſon in his rage?
"The ruling paſſion, be it what it will,
"The ruling paſſion conquers Reaſon ſtill."
Leſs mad the wildeſt whimſy we can frame,
Than ev'n that paſſion, if it has no aim;
For tho' ſuch motives Folly you may call,
The Folly's greater to have none at all.

HEAR then the truth: "'Tis Heav'n each Paſſion ſends,
"And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
"Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
"Extremes in Man concur to gen'ral uſe."
Aſk we what makes one keep, and one beſtow?
That Pow'r who bids the ocean ebb and flow,
Bids ſeed-time, harveſt, equal courſe maintain,
Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Builds Life on death, on change Duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Verſ. 159.] That the conduct of men, with reſpect to riches, can only be accounted for by the Order of Providence, which works the General Good out of Extremes, and brings all to its Great End by perpetual revolutions. See Eſſay on Man, Ep. ii, verſ. 155, &c. 197, &c.

RICHES, like inſects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their ſeaſon fly,
Who ſees pale Mammon pine amidſt his ſtore,
Sees but a backward ſteward for the Poor;
This year a Reſervoir, to keep and ſpare,
The next, a Fountain, ſpouting thro' his Heir,
In laviſh ſtreams to quench a Country's thirſt,
And men and dogs ſhall drink him till they burſt.

OLD Cotta ſham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What tho' (the uſe of barb'rous ſpits forgot)
His kitchen vy'd in coolneſs with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with creſſes ſtor'd,
With ſoups unbought and ſallads bleſs'd his board?
If Cotta liv'd on pulſe, it was no more
Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before;
To cram the Rich was prodigal expence,
And who would take the poor from providence?
Like ſome lone Chartreux ſtands the good old hall,
Silence without, and Faſts within the wall;
No raſted roofs with dance and tabor ſound,
No noontide bell invites the country round:
Tenants with ſighs the ſmoakleſs tow'rs ſurvey,
And turn th' unwilling ſteeds another way:
Benighted wand'rers the foreſt o'er,
Curſe the ſav'd candle, and unop'ning door;
While the gaunt maſtiff growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

NOT ſo his ſon, he mark'd this overſight,
And then miſtook reverſe of wrong for right.

Verſ. 178.] How a Miſer acts upon Principles which appear to him reaſonable.

Verſ. 182.] "With ſoups unbought."]----dapibus menſas onerabat inemptis. VIRG.

Verſ. 197.] How a Prodigal does the ſame.

(For what to ſhun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow, is a taſk indeed.)
Yet ſure, of qualities deſerving praiſe,
More go to ruin Fortunes, than to raiſe.
What ſlaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious Squire, and deep Divine!
Yet no mean motive this profuſion draws,
His oxen periſh in his contry's cauſe;
'Tis GEORGE and Liberty that crowns the cup,
And Zeal for that great Houſe which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked ſeat,
The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the Fleet:
Next goes his Wool—to clothe our valiant bands,
Laſt, for his country's love, he ſells his Lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold train-bands and burns a Pope.
And ſhall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain that pays her Patriots with her Spoils?
In vain at Court the Bankrupt pleads his cauſe,
His thankleſs Country leaves him to her Laws.
THE ſenſe to value Riches, with the Art
T' enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiouſly purſu'd,
Not ſunk by ſloth, nor rais'd by ſervitude;
To balance Fortune by a juſt expence,
Join with Oeconomy, Magnificence;
With Splendor, Charity; with Plenty, Health;
Oh teach us, Bathurſt! yet unſpoil'd by wealth!
That Secret rare, between th'extremes to move
Of mad good-nature, and of mean ſelf-love.
To Worth or Want well-weigh'd, be bounty giv'n,
And eaſe, or emulate, the care of Heav'n;

Verſ. 119] The due medium and true uſe of Riches.

(Whoſe meaſure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend Fortune's Fault, and juſtify her grace.
Wealth in the groſs is death, but life diffus'd;
As Poiſon heals, in juſt proportion us'd;
In heaps, like Ambergreaſe, a ſtink it lies,
But well diſpers'd, is incenſe to the ſkies.

Who ſtarves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?
The Wretch that truſts them, and the Rogue that cheats.
Is there a Lord, who knows a chearful noon
Without a Fiddler, Flatt'rer or Buffoon?
Whoſe table, Wit, or modeſt Merit ſhare,
Un-elbow'd by a Gameſter, Pimp, or Play'r?
Who copies your's, or Oxford's better part,
To eaſe th' oppreſs'd, and raiſe the ſinking heart?
Where-e'er he ſhines, oh Fortune, gild the ſcene,
And Angels guard him in the golden Mean!
There, Engliſh Bounty yet a while may ſtand,
And Honour linger e'er it leaves the land.

But all our praiſes why ſhould Lords engroſs?
Riſe, honeſt Muſe! and ſing the Man of Roſs
pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn, hoarſe applauſe reſounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?

Verſ. 243.] Edward Harley Earl of Oxford, the Son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford and Earl of Mortimer by Queen Anne.

Verſ. 250.] The perſon here celebrated, who, with a ſmall Eſtate, actually performed all theſe good works, and whoſe true name was almoſt loſt, (partly by the title of The Man of Roſs, given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without ſo much as an inſcription) was called Mr. John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Roſs in Herefordſhire.

Not to the ſkies in uſeleſs columns toaſt,
Or proud in falls magnificently loſt,
But clear and artleſs, pouring thro' the plain,
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain.
Whoſe Cauſe-way parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe Seats the weary traveller repoſe?
Who taught the heav'n-directed ſpire to riſe?
"The Man of Roſs," each liſping babe replies.
Behold the Market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The Man of Roſs divides the weekly bread:
Behold yon Alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where age and want ſit ſmiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſt,
The young who labour, and the old who reſt.
Is any ſick? the Man of Roſs relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the med'cine makes and gives,
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Baulk'd are the Courts, and conteſt is no more.
Deſpairing Quacks with curſes fled the place,
And vile Attorneys, now an uſeleſs race.
Thrice happy man! enabled to purſue
What all ſo wiſh, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh ſay, what ſums that gen'rous hand ſupply?
What mines, to ſwell that boundleſs charity?
Of Debts, and Taxes, Wife and Children clear,
This man poſſeſt—five hundred pounds a-year.
Bluſh, Grandeur, bluſh! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little ſtars! hide your diminiſh'd rays.
And what? no monument, inſcription, ſtone?
His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown?
Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:

Go, ſearch it there*, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the hiſtory;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the ſpace between;
Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thouſand lights attend
The wretch, who living ſav'd a candle's end:
Should'ring God's altar a vile image ſtands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig which Gorgon's ſelf might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.
Behold what bleſſings Wealth to life can lend!
And ſee what comfort it affords our end.

In the worſt inn's worſt room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaiſter, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock bed, but repair'd with ſtraw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow ſtrove with dirty red,
Great Villers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleaſure, and that ſoul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewſbury and love;
Or juſt as gay, at Council, in a ring
Of mimick'd Stateſmen, and their merry King.
No Wit to flatter, left of all his ſtore!
No fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.

* The Pariſh Regiſter.

Verſ. 296.] Ridicules the wretched taſte of carving large periwigs on Buſto's, of which there are ſeveral vile examples among the tombs at Weſtminſter and elſewhere.

Verſ. 299.] The fate of the Profuſe and the Covetous, in two Examples; both miſerable in Life and in Death.

Verſ. 305.] George Villers, Duke of Buckingham, who died in this manner.

There, Victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame; this lord of uſeleſs thouſands ends.
His Grace's fate ſage Cuttler could forſee,
And well (he thought) adviſ'd him, "Live like me,"
As well, his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Reſolve me, Reaſon, which of theſe is worſe,
Want with a full, or with an empty purſe?
Thy life more wretched, Cuttler, was confeſs'd,
Ariſe, and tell me, was thy death more bleſs'd?
Cuttler ſaw tenants break, and houſes fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a ſtranger's pow'r
For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
A few gray hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd.
'Twas very want that ſold them for two pound.
What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Baniſh'd the Doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!
Cuttler and Brutus, dying both exclaim,
"Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"
Say, for ſuch worth are other worlds prepar'd!
Or are they both in this their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—Agreed.
Where London's column, pointing at the ſkies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lyes;
There dwelt a Citizen of ſober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;

Verſ. 339.] The Monument built in memory of the Fire of London, with an inſcription importing that City to have been burnt by the Papiſts.

Religious, punctual, frugal, and ſo forth;
His word would paſs for more than he was worth.
One ſolid diſh his week day meal affords,
An added pudding ſolemniz'd the Lord's;
Conſtant at Church and Change; his gains were ſure;
His givings rare, ſave farthings to the poor.

The Dev'l was piqu'd ſuch ſainthip to behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old,
But Satan now is wiſer than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Rouz'n by the Prince of air, the whirlwinds ſweep
The ſurge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full againſt his Corniſh lands they roar,
And two rich ſhip-wrecks bleſs the lucky ſhore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourſelf," was ſoon my Lady's word;
And lo! two puddings ſmoak'd upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honeſt factor ſtole a gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the di'mond, and the rogue was bit.
Some ſcruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give ſix-pence where I gave a groat;
"Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
"And am ſo clear too of all other vice."

The Tempter ſaw his time; the work he ply'd;
Stocks and Subſcriptions pour on ev'ry ſide,
'Till all the Dæmon makes his full deſcent
In one abundant ſhow'r of Cent per Cent,
Sinks deep within him, and poſſeſſes whole,
Then dubs Director, and ſecures his ſoul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of ſpirit,
Aſcribes his gettings to his parts and merit;

What late he call'd a Bleſſing, now was Wit,
And GOD's good Provinence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His Compting-houſe employ'd the Sunday-morn:
Seldom at Church ('twas ſuch a buſy life)
But duly ſent his family and wife.
There (ſo the Dev'l ordain'd) one Chriſtmas tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold and dy'd.
A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight;
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to pleaſe the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
Firſt, for his Son a gay Commiſſion buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
His daughter flaunts a Viſcount's tawdry wife;
She bears a Coronet and P—x for life.
In Britain's Senate he a ſeat obtains,
And one more Penſioner St. Stephen gains.
My Lady falls to play; ſo bad her chance,
He muſt repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The Houſe impeach him; Coningſby harangues;
The Court forſake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, ſon, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown:
The Devil and the King divide the prize,
And ſad Sir Balaam curſes GOD and dies.

Verſ. 394. "And one more Penſioner St. Stephen gains."]
——atque unum civem donare Sybillæ. JUV.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

RICHARD Earl of BURLINGTON *.

'TIS ſtrange the Miſer ſhould his Cares employ
To gain thoſe Riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it leſs ſtrange, the Prodigal ſhould waſte
His Wealth, to purchaſe what he ne'er can taſte?
Not for himſelf he ſees, or hears, or eats;
Artiſts muſt chuſe his Pictures, Muſic, Meats:
He buys for Topham, Drawings and Deſigns,
For Pembroke, Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins;
Rare monkiſh Manuſcripts for Hearne alone,
And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all theſe are for himſelf? no more
Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.
For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to ſhow how many taſtes he wanted.

* Printed firſt in 1731.

This Epiſtle is a Corollary to the preceeding: As that treated of the extremes of Avarice and Profuſion, this takes up one branch of the latter, The Vanity of Expence in people of Quality or Fortune.

Verſ. 7.] A Gentleman famous for a judicious Collection of Drawings.

Verſ. 10.] Two eminent Phyſicians; the one had an excellent Library, the other the fineſt Collection in Europe of natural Curioſities; both men of great Learning and Humanity.

What brought Sir Viſto's ill-got Wealth to waſte?
Some Dæmon whiſper'd, "Viſto have a Taſte."
Heav'n viſits with a Taſte the wealthy fool,
And needs no Rod but Ripley with a Rule.
See! ſportive Fate, to puniſh aukward Pride,
Bids Bubo build, and ſends him ſuch a Guide:
A ſtanding ſermon at each year's expence,
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence!

You ſhow us, Rome was glorious, not profuſe,
And pompous Buildings once were things of uſe.
Yet ſhall, my Lord, your juſt, your noble Rules
Fill half the land with Imitating fools;
Who random Drawings from your ſheets ſhall take,
And of one Beauty many Blunders make;
Load ſome vain Church with old Theatric ſtate,
Turn Arcs of triumph to a Garden-gate;
Reverſe your Ornaments, and hang them all
On ſome patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
Then clap four ſlices of Pilaſter on't,
That pleas'd with bits of ruſtic makes a front.
Shall call the winds thro' long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conſcious they act a true Palladian part,
And, if they ſtarve, they ſtarve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than expence,
And ſomething previous ev'n to taſte—'tis Senſe:

Verſ. 15.] The Abuſe of the word Taſte.

Verſ. 23.] The Earl of Burlington was then publiſhing the Deſigns of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio.

Verſ. 30.] A Door or Window, ſo called, from being much practiſed at Venice, by Palladio and others.

Verſ. 39.] That the principle and foundation of all taſte, is Good Senſe.

Good Senſe, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And, tho' no Science, fairly worth the ſeven:
A Light, which in yourſelf you muſt perceive;
Jones and Le Notre have it not to give.
To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,
To ſwell the Terras, or to ſink the Grot;
In all, let Nature never be forgot.
But treat the Goddeſs like a modeſt fair,
Nor over-dreſs, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be ſpy'd,
Where half the ſkill is decently to hide,
He gains all points, who pleaſingly confounds,
Surpriſes, varies, and conceals the Bounds.

Consult the Genius of the Place in all;
That tells the waters or to riſe, or fall,
Or helps th' ambitious Hill the heav'ns to ſcale,
Or ſcoops in circling theatres the Vale;
Calls in the Country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies ſhades from ſhades;
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending Lines
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, deſigns.

Still follow Senſe, of ev'ry art the Soul,
Parts anſw'ring parts ſhall ſlide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from Difficulty, ſtrike from Chance;

Verſ. 46.] Inigo Jones, the celebrated Architect, and M. Le Notre, the Deſigner of the beſt Gardens of France.

Verſ. 47.] The chief proof of Good Senſe, in this, as in every thing elſe, is to follow Nature, but with Judgment and Choice.

Verſ. 57.] The firſt Rule, to adapt all to the Nature and Uſe of the Place, and the Beauties not forced into it, but reſulting from it.

Nature ſhall join you; Time ſhall make it grow
A Work to wonder at——perhaps a STOW.
WITHOUT it, proud Verſailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's Terraces deſert their walls:
The vaſt Parterres a thouſand hands ſhall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake:
Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain,
You'll wiſh your hill or ſhelter'd ſeat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an hermitage ſet Doctor Clarke.
BEHOLD Villario's ten years toil compleat:
His Quincunx darkens, his Eſpalier's meet;
The Wood ſupports the Plain, the parts unite,
And ſtrength of ſhade contends with ſtrength of light;
A waving Glow the bloomy beds diſplay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day,
With ſilver-quiv'ring rills mæander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the ſcene Parterres and Fountains yield,
He finds at laſt he better likes a Field.
THRO' his young Woods how pleas'd Sabinus ſtray'd,
Or ſat delighted in the thick'ning Shade,
With annual joy the red'ning Shoots to greet,
Or ſee the ſtretching Branches long to meet.

Verſ. 70.] The ſeat and Gardens of the Lord Viſcount Cobham, in Buckinghamſhire.

Verſ. 71.] For want of this Senſe, and thro' Neglect of this Rule, men are diſappointed in the moſt expenſive Undertakings. Nothing without this will ever pleaſe long, if it pleaſes at all.

Verſ. 75.] This was done in Hertfordſhire by a wealthy Citizen, at the expence of above 5000 l. by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the Northwind upon his houſe and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods.

His Son's fine Taſte an op'ner Villa loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his Father's groves;
One boundleſs green, or flouriſh'd Carpet views,
With all the mournful family of Yews;
The thriving plants ignoble broomſticks made,
Now ſweep thoſe Alleys they were born to ſhade.

At Timon's Villa let us paſs a day,
Where all cry out, 'What ſums are thrown away!'
So proud, ſo grand; of that ſtupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatneſs, with Timon, dwells in ſuch a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compaſs this, his building is a town,
His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down:
Who but muſt laugh, the maſter when he ſees,
A puny inſect, ſhiv'ring at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleneſs around!
The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground.

Verſ. 93.] The two extremes in Parterre, which are equally faulty, a Boundleſs Green, large and naked as a field, or a Flouriſhed Carpet, where the greatneſs and nobleneſs of the piece is leſſened by being divided into too many parts, with ſcrolled works and beds, of which the examples are frequent.

Verſ. 96.] Touches upon the ill taſte of thoſe who are ſo fond of Evergreens, (particularly Yews, which are the moſt tonſile,) as to deſtroy the nobler Foreſt-trees, to make way for ſuch little ornaments, as pyramids of dark green continually repeated, not unlike a funeral proceſſion.

Verſ. 99.] This Deſcription is intended to comprize the Principles of a Falſe Taſte of Magnificence, and to exemplify what was ſaid before, That nothing but Good Senſe can attain it.

Verſ. 102.] The firſt wrong principle is, to imagine true Greatneſs conſiſts in Size and Dimenſion; whereas, let the work be ever ſo vaſt, unleſs the parts cohere in one harmony, it will be but a great many Littlenеſſes put together.

Two Cupids squirt before; a Lake behind
Improves the keenness of the Northern wind.
His Gardens next your admiration call,
On ev'ry side you look, behold the Wall!
No pleasing Intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suff'ring eye inverted nature sees,
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain never to be play'd;
And there a Summer-house that knows no shade;
Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
There Gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus dusty Urn.
My Lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen:

Vers. 111.] The second error, Disproportion, small things joined to large ones.

Vers. 114.] The Ends and Bounds being seen at once, which however large, will diminish both of the Grandeur and the Surprise.

Vers. 117.] Too exact Resemblance of part to part, and Repetition of the same objects.

Vers. 120.] Figures unnatural, stiff, and formal, or such as cannot be made perfect.

Vers. 121.] Ornaments of building or sculpture, either too much multiplied, or ill-placed, or where Nature does not favour them. (All these Examples are taken from some known Gardens.)

Vers. 124.] The two Statues of the Gladiator pugnans, and Gladiator moriens.

But ſoft—by regular approach—not yet—
Firſt thro' the length of yon hot Terrace ſweat;
And when up ten ſteep ſlopes you've drag'd your thighs,
Juſt at his Study-door he'll bleſs your eyes.

His Study! with what Authors is it ſtor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated Backs he turns you round:
Theſe Aldus printed, thoſe Du Suëil has bound.
Lo ſome are Vellum, and the reſt as good
For all his Lordſhip knows, but they are Wood.
For Locke and Millon 'tis in vain to look,
Theſe ſhelves admit not any modern book.

And now the Chapel's ſilver bell you hear,
That ſummons you to all the pride of Pray'r:
Light quirks of Muſic, broken and uneven,
Make the ſoul dance on a Jig to Heav'n.
On painted Ceilings you devoutly ſtare,
Where ſprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,

Verſ. 130.] The Approaches and Communications of Houſe with Garden, or of one part with another, ill judged and inconvenient.

Verſ. 133.] The falſe Taſte in Books, a Satire on the vanity in collecting them, more frequent in men of fortune than the ſtudy to underſtand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the Print, or of the binding; ſome have carried it ſo far, as to cauſe the upper ſhelves to be filled with painted books of wood: others pique themſelves ſo much upon books in a language they do not underſtand, as to exclude the moſt uſeful in one they do.

Verſ. 149.] The falſe Taſte in Muſic, improper to the ſubjects, as of light Airs in Churches, often practiſed by the Ecclaniſts, &c.

Verſ. 145.]—And in Painting (from which even Italy is not

On gilded clouds in fair expanſion lie,
And bring all Paradiſe before your eye.
To reſt, the Cuſhion and ſoft Dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.
But hark! the chiming Clocks to dinner call!
A hundred footſteps ſcrape the marble Hall:
The rich Buffet well-cover'd Serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons ſpew to waſh your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb.
A ſolemn Sacrifice, perform'd in ſtate,
You drink by meaſure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying courſe, you'd ſwear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there,
Between each act the trembling ſalvers ring,
From ſoup to ſweet-wine, and GOD bleſs the King-

free) of naked figures in churches, &c. which has obliged ſome Popes to put draperies on ſome of thoſe of the beſt maſters.

Verſ. 146.] Verrio (Antonio) painted many ceilings, &c. at Windſor, Hampton-court, &c. and Laguerre at Blenheim-caſtle and other places.

Verſ. 150.] This is a fact: A Reverend Dean preaching at Court, threatened the Sinner with puniſhment in "a place which "he thought it not decent to name before ſo polite an aſſem-"bly."

Verſ. 153.] Taxes the incongruity of Ornaments (though ſometimes practiſed by the antients) where a diſtorted mouth ejects the water into a fountain, or where the ſhocking images of ſerpents, &c. are introduced in Grottos, or Buffets.

Verſ. 155.] The proud feſtivals of ſome men are here ſet forth to ridicule, where the pride deſtroys the eaſe, and the formal regularity all the pleaſurable enjoyment of the entertainments.

Verſ. 160.] See Don Quixote, vol. iv. chap. 6.

In plenty ſtarving, tantaliz'd in ſtate,
And complaiſantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, careſs'd, and tir'd I take my leave,
Sick of his civil Pride from morn to eve;
I curſe ſuch lavish coſt, and little ſkill,
And ſwear no day was ever paſt ſo ill.

Yet hence the poor are clothe'd, the hungry fed;
Health to himſelf, and to his Infants bread
The Lab'rer bears: What his hard heart denies,
His charitable Vanity ſupplies.

Another age ſhall ſee the golden Ear
Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,
Deep Harveſts bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-aſſume the land.

Who then ſhall grace, or who improve the ſoil?
Who plants like Bathurſt, or who builds like Boyle.
'Tis Uſe alone that ſanctifies Expence,
And Splendor borrows all her rays from Senſe.

His Father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad, if he increaſe;
Whoſe chearful Tenants bleſs their yearly toil,
Yet to their Lord owe more than to the ſoil,
Whoſe ample Lawns are not aſham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deſerving ſteed;
Whoſe riſing Foreſts, not for pride to ſhow,
But future Buildings, future Navies, grow:
Let his plantations ſtretch from down to down,
Firſt ſhade a Country, and then raiſe a Town.

Verſ. 169, &c.] The Moral of the whole, where Providence is juſtified in giving wealth to thoſe who ſquander it in this manner. A bad Taſte employs more hands, and diffuſes Expence more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in the the Epiſtle preceeding this, verſ. 161, &c. See alſo the Eſſay on Man, Epiſt. ii. verſ. 230, &c.

You too proceed! make falling Arts your care,
Erect new wonders and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themſelves reſtore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till Kings call forth th' ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accompliſh what ſuch hands deſign'd,)
Bid Harbours open, public Ways extend,
Bid Temples, worthier of the GOD, aſcend;
Bid the broad Arch the dang'rous flood contain,
The Mole projected break the roaring Main;
Back to his bounds their Subject Sea command,
And roll obedient Rivers thro, the Land:
Theſe Honours, Peace to happy Britain brings,
Theſe are Imperial Works, and worthy Kings.

Verſ. 195, 197, &c. "Till Kings—Bid Harbors open, &c.] The Poet, after having touched upon the proper objects of Magnificence and Expence in the private works of great Men, comes to thoſe great and public works which become a Prince. This poem was publiſhed at the time when ſome of the new churches, built by the Act of Queen Anne, were ready to fall, being founded on boggy land, and others vilely executed thro' fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, &c. when Dagenham-Breach had done very great miſchiefs; when the Propoſal of building a Bridge at Weſtminſter had been petitioned againſt, and rejected; when many of the High-ways throughout England were hardly paſſable, and moſt of thoſe, which were repaired by Turnpikes, made jobbs for private lucre, and infamouſly executed, even to the entrances of London itſelf. At this time there had been an uninterrupted peace in Europe for above twenty years.

EPISTLE V.

To Mr. ADDISON*.

SEE the wild waſte of all devouring years!
How Rome her own ſad ſepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples ſpread!
The very Tombs now vaniſh'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders rais'd on Nations ſpoil'd,
Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd:
Huge Theatres that now unpeopled Woods,
Now drain'd a diſtant country of her Floods:
Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride ſurvey,
Statues of Men, ſcarce leſs alive than they!
Some felt the ſilent ſtroke of mould'ring age,
Some hoſtile fury, ſome religious rage.
Barbarian blindneſs, Chriſtian zeal conſpire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins ſav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preſerves a name;
That Name, the learn'd with fierce diſputes purſue,
And give to Titus old Veſpaſian's due.
AMBITION ſigh'd: She found it vain to truſt
The faithleſs Column, and the crumbling Buſt:

* This was written in 1715, at which time Mr. Addiſon intended to publiſh his Book of MEDALS. It was ſome time before he was Secretary of State, but not printed till Mr. Tickel's Edition of his works in 1720, at which time the verſes on Mr. Craggs, which conclude this Epiſtle, were added.

Huge moles, whoſe ſhadow reach from ſhore to ſhore,
Their ruins periſh'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, ſhe now contracts her vaſt deſign,
And all her triumphs ſhrink into a Coin.
A narrow orb each crouded conqueſt keeps,
Beneath her Palm here ſad Judea weeps.
Now ſcantier limits the proud Arch confine,
And ſcarce are ſeen the proſtrate Nile or Rhine;
A ſmall Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one ſhort view ſubjected to our eye
Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
With ſharpen'd ſight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' inſcription value, but the ruſt adore.
This the blue varniſh, that the green endears,
The ſacred ruſt of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Peſcennius one employs his ſchemes,
One graſps a Cecrops in ecſtatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned ſpleen devour'd,
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his ſhield was ſcour'd:
And Curio reſtleſs by the Fair one's ſide,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the Vanity, the Learning thine;
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories ſhine;
Her Gods, and god-like Heroes riſe to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.
Nor bluſh, theſe ſtudies thy regard engage;
Theſe pleas'd the Fathers of poetic rage;
The verſe and ſculpture bore an equal part,
And Art reflected images to Art.

O! when ſhall Britain, conſcious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?

In living medals ſee her wars enroll'd,
And vanquiſh'd realms ſupply recording gold?
Here, riſing bold, the Patriots honeſt face;
There Warriors, frowning in hiſtoric braſs;
Then future ages with delight ſhall ſee
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair ſeries laurell'd Bards be ſhown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addiſon.
Then ſhall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the caſt Ore, another Pollio, ſhine;
With aſpect open, ſhall erect his head,
And round the orb in laſting notes be read,
"Stateſman, yet friend to truth! of ſoul ſincere,
"In action faithful, and in honour clear;
"Who broke no promiſe, ſerv'd no private end,
"Who gain'd no title, and who loſt no friend;
"Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
"And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muſe he lov'd."

EPISTLE IV.

To Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

SHUT, ſhut the door, good John! fatigu'd I ſaid,
Tye up the knocker, ſay I'm ſick, I'm dead.
The Dog-ſtar rages! nay, 'tis paſt a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnaſſus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what ſhades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, thro' my Grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They ſtop the chariot, and they board the barge,
No place is ſacred, not the Church is free,
Ev'n Sunday ſhines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, juſt at Dinner-time.
Is there a Parſon, much be mus'd in beer,
A maudlin Poetеſs, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's ſoul to croſs,
Who pens a Stanza, when he ſhould engroſs?

This Epiſtle contains an Apology for the Author and his writings. It was drawn up at ſeveral times, as the ſeveral occaſions offered. He had no thought of publiſhing it, till it pleaſed ſome perſons of Rank and Fortune, to attack in a very extraordinary manner, not only his Writings, but his Morals, Perſon, and Family; of which he therefore thought himſelf obliged to give ſome account.

Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, ſcrawls
With deſp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble ſtrain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whoſe giddy ſon neglects the Laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cauſe;
Poor Cornus ſees his frantic wife elope,
And curſes Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my Life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle ſong)
What Drop or Noſtrum can this plague remove?
Or which muſt end me, a Fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm ſped,
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be ſilent, and who will not lie:
To laugh, were want of goodneſs and of grace;
And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of face.
I ſit with ſad civility, I read
With honeſt anguiſh, and an aching head:
And drop at laſt, but in unwilling ears,
This ſaving counſel, "Keep your piece nine years."

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by ſoft zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and requeſt of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it,
"I'm all ſubmiſſion, what you'd have it, make it."

Three things another's modeſt wiſhes bound,
My Friendſhip, and a Prologue, and Ten pound.

* Pitholeon ſends to me: "You know his Grace,
"I want a Patron: aſk him for a Place."

* The name taken from a fooliſh poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to Greek. Schol. in Horat.

Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter
"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better,
"Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,
"He'll write a Journal, or he'll turn divine."
Bless me! a packet—"'Tis a stranger sues,
"A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse."
If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage!"
If I approve, "Commend it to the Stage."
There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The Play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd that the house reject him, "'Sdeath I'll print it,
"And shame the fools——Your int'rest, Sir, with Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
"Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
All my demurs but double his attacks;
At last he whispers, "Do: and we go snacks."
Glad of a quarrel, strait I clap the door,
Sir, let me see your works and you no more.
'Tis sung, when Midas' Ears began to spring
(Midas, a sacred person and a King)
His very Minister who spy'd them first,
(Some say his *Queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.
And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
Good friend, forbear! you deal in dang'rous things.
I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings;
Keep close to Ears, and those let asses prick,
'Tis nothing—Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, Duncaid! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass:

* The story is told by some of his Barber, but by Chaucer of his Queen. See Wife of Bath's Tale in Dryden's Fables.

The truth once told (and wherefore ſhould we lie?)
The Queen of Midas ſlept, and ſo may I.
You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature ſmarts ſo little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canſt hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulſions hurl'd,
Thou ſtandſt unſhook amidſt a burſting world.
Who ſhames a ſcribler? break one cobweb thro',
He ſpins the ſlight, ſelf-pleaſing thread anew:
Deſtroy his fib or ſophiſtry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd in the centre of his thin deſigns,
Proud of a vaſt extent of flimzy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
Loſt the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnaſſian ſneer?
And has not Colly ſtill his Lord, and whore?
His butchers Henly, his free-maſons Moore?
Does not one table Bavius ſtill admit?
Still to one Biſhop Philips ſeems a wit?
Still Sappho—Hold! for God-ſake—you'll offend.
No Names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like theſe——One flatt'rer's worſe than all
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the ſlaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten-times worſe when they repent.
One dedicates in high heroic proſe,——
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grubſtreet will my fame defend,
And more abuſive, calls himſelf my friend

Verſ. 88.] Alluding to Horace,

——Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

This prints my Letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

There are, who to my person pay their court:
I cough like Horace; and, tho' lean, am short,
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and Sir! you have an eye—
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgrac'd my betters, met in me.
Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head:"
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink, my parent's, or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came,
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd,
The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not Wife,
To help me thro' this long disease, my Life,
To second, Arbuthnot! thy Art and Care,
And teach, the Being you preserv'd, to bear.

But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head,

Vers. 139.] All these were Patrons or admirers of Mr. Dryden; tho' a scandalous libel against him, entitled, Dryden's Satys to his Muse, has been printed in the name of the Lord Somers, of which he was wholly ignorant.

These are the persons to whose account the author charges the

And St. John's ſelf (great Dryden's friends before)
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.
Happy my ſtudies, when by theſe approv'd!
Happier their author, when by theſe belov'd!
From theſe the world will judge of men and books.
Not from the * Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

SOFT were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure Deſcription held the place of ſenſe?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flow'ry theme,
A painted miſtreſs, or a purling ſtream.
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wiſh'd the man a dinner, and ſat ſtill.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never anſwer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madneſs made them print
I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

DID ſome more ſober Critic come abroad;
If wrong, I ſmil'd; if right, I kiſs'd the rod.
Pains, reading, ſtudy, are their juſt pretence,
And all they want is ſpirit, taſte, and ſenſe.
Comma's and points they ſet exactly right,
And 'twere a ſin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one ſprig of laurel grac'd theſe ribalds,
From ſlaſhing Bentley down to pidling Tibalds:

publication of his firſt pieces: Perſons with whom he was converſant (and he adds beloved) at 16 or 17 years of age; an early period for ſuch acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illuſtrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ he Paſtorals and Windſor-Foreſt, on which he paſſes a ſort of Cenſure in the lines following:

While pure Deſcription held the place of Senſe, &c.

* Authors of ſecret and ſcandalous Hiſtory.

Verſ. 150.] Is a verſe of Mr. Addiſon.

Each wight, who reads not, and but ſcans and ſpells,
Each word-catcher, that lives on ſyllables,
Ev'n ſuch ſmall Critics ſome regard may claim,
Preſerv'd in Milton's or in Shakeſpear's name.
Pretty! in amber to obſerve the forms
Of hairs, or ſtraws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's ſecret ſtandard in his mind,
That caſting-weight pride adds to emptineſs,
This, who can gratify? for who can gueſs?
The Bard whom pilfer'd Paſtorals renown,
Who turns a Perſian tale for half a Crown,
Juſt writes to make his barrenneſs appear,
And ſtrains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a-year;
He, who ſtill wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, ſpends little, yet has nothing left:
And He, who now to ſenſe, now nonſenſe leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And He, whoſe fuſtian's ſo ſublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but proſe run mad:
All theſe, my modeſt Satire bade tranſlate,
And own'd that nine ſuch Poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and ſtamp, and roar, and chafe!
And ſwear not Addiſon himſelf was ſafe.

Peace to all ſuch! but were there one whoſe fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inſpires;
Bleſt with each talent and each art to pleaſe
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe:

Verſ. 180.] Ambroſe Philips tranſlated a Book called the Perſian Tales.

Should ſuch a man too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with ſcornful, yet with jealous eyes
And hate for arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe;
Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And without ſneering, teach the reſt to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;
Alike reſerv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers beſieg'd,
And ſo obliging that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,
And ſit attentive to his own applauſe;
While Wits and Templars ev'ry ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe——
Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

What tho' my name ſtood rubric on the walls,
Or plaiſter'd poſts, with claps, in capitals?
Or ſmoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I ſought no homage from the Race that write;
I kept, like Aſian Monarchs, from their ſight:
Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd ſo long)
No more than thou, great George! a birth-day ſong.
I ne'er with wits or witlings paſs'd my days,
To ſpread about the itch of verſe and praiſe;
Nor like a puppy, daggled thro' the town,
To fetch and carry ſing-ſong up and down;
Nor at rehearſals ſweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my ſide;

Verſ. 218.] Hopkins, in the 104th Pſalm.

But ſick of fops, and poetry, and prate.
To Bufo left the whole Caſtalian ſtate.
Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by ev'ry quill;
Fed with ſoft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand, and hand in ſong.
His Library (where buſts of Poets dead
And a true Pindar ſtood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undiſtinguiſh'd race,
Who firſt his judgment aſk'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his ſeat,
And flatter'd every day, and ſome days eat:
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid ſome bards with port, and ſome with praiſe,
To ſome a dry rehearſal was aſſign'd,
And others (harder ſtill) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone eſcap'd this judging eye:
But ſtill the Great have kindneſs in reſerve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to ſtarve.

May ſome choice patron bleſs each gray-gooſe-quill!
May ev'ry Bavius have his Bufo ſtill!
So when a Statesman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with ſenſe,
Or ſimple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whiſtled off my hands!
Bleſt be the Great! for thoſe they take away,
And thoſe they left me; for they left me Gay;

Verſ. 236.] Ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headleſs Trunks and Terms of Statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c. See Fulvius Urſin, &c.

Verſ. 248.] Mr. Dryden, after having lived in exigencies, had a magnificent Funeral beſtowed upon him by the contribution of ſeveral Perſons of Quality.

Left me to ſee neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameleſs life the ſole return
My Verſe; and Queenſb'ry weeping o'er thy Urn!

Oh let me live my own, and die ſo too!
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a Poet's dignity and eaſe,
And ſee what friends, and read what books I pleaſe:
Above a Patron, tho' I condeſcend
Sometimes to call a miniſter my friend,
I was not born for courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and ſay my pray'rs;
Can ſleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead.

Why am I aſk'd what next ſhall ſee the light?
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to ſerve, no ſoul to ſave?
"I found him cloſe with Swift—Indeed? no doubt
"(Cries prating Balbus) ſomething will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.
"No, ſuch a Genius never can lie ſtill;"
And then for mine obligingly miſtakes
The firſt Lampoon Sir Will. or Bubo makes.
Poor guiltleſs I! and can I chuſe but ſmile,
When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my Style?

Curst be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue ſcandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the ſoft-ey'd Virgin ſteal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmleſs neighbour's peace,
Inſults fall'n Worth, or Beauty in diſtreſs,
Who loves a Lie, lame Slander helps about,
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out:

That Fop, whoſe Pride affects a Patron's name,
Yet abſent, wounds an Author's honeſt Fame:
Who can your Merit ſelfiſhly approve,
And ſhow the Senſe of it without the Love;
Who has the vanity to call you Friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you ſay,
And, if he lie not, muſt at leaſt betray:
Who to the Dean, and Silver-bell can ſwear,
And ſees at Canons what was never there;
Who reads, but with a luſt to miſapply,
Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lye.
A laſh like mine no honeſt man ſhall dread,
But all ſuch babling Blockheads in his ſtead.
Let Sporus tremble—What? that thing of ſilk!
Sporus, that mere white curd of Aſs's milk?
Satire, or Senſe, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a Butterfly upon a wheel?
Yet let me flap this Bug with gilded wings,
This painted Child of Dirt, that ſtinks and ſtings;
Whoſe buzz the Witty and the Fair annoys,
Yet Wit ne'er taſtes, and Beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred Spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the Game they dare not bite.
Eternal ſmiles his emptineſs betray,
As ſhallow ſtreams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he ſpeaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet ſqueaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar Toad,
Half froth, half venom, ſpits himſelf abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or ſpite, or ſmut, or rhymes, or blaſphemies.

Verſ. 299.] See the Epiſtle to the Earl of Burlington.
Verſ. 319.] See Milton, Book iv.

His wit all ſee-ſaw, between that and this,
Now high, now low, now maſter up, now miſs,
And he himſelf one vile Antitheſis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, Flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a Lady, and now ſtruts a Lord,
Eve's temper thus the Rabbins have expreſt,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the reſt.
Beauty that ſhocks you, parts that none will truſt,
Wit that can creep, and Pride that licks the duſt.

Not Fortune's worſhipper, nor Faſhion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor ſervile; Be one Poet's praiſe,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:
That Flatt'ry ev'n to Kings, he held a ſhame,
And thought a lye in verſe or proſe the ſame.
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But ſtoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his ſong;
That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He ſtood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loſs of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The diſtant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never ſhed;
The tale reviv'd, the lye ſo oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed traſh, and dulneſs not his own:
The morals blacken'd when the writings ſcape,
The libel'd perſon, and the pictur'd ſhape;

Verſ. 351.] Such as profane Pſalms, Court-poems, and other ſcandalous things, printed in his name by Curl and others.

Abuſe, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, ſpread,
A friend in exile, or a father, dead;
The whiſper, that to greatneſs ſtill too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his Sov'reign's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the paſt:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome even the laſt!

But why inſult the poor, affront the great,
A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry ſtate:
Alike my ſcorn, if he ſucceed or fail,
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail,
A hireling Scribler, or a hireling Peer,
Knight of the Poſt corrupt, or of the Shire:
If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
He gains his Prince's ear, or loſe his own.

Yet ſoft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This dreaded ſat'riſt, Dennis will confeſs
Foe to his pride, but friend to his diſtreſs:
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay has rhymn'd for Moore,
Full ten years ſlander'd, did he once reply?
Three thouſand ſuns went down on Welſted's lye.

Verſ. 354.] Namely on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurſt, Lord Bolingbroke, Biſhop of Atterbury, Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Gay, his friends, his parents, and his very nurſe, aſperſed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Ducket, L. Welſted, Tho. Bentley, and other obſcure perſons.

Verſ. 374.] It was ſo long, after many libels, before the Author of the Dunciad publiſhed that Poem, till when, he never writ a word in anſwer to the many ſcurrilities and falſhoods concerning him.

Verſ. 375.] Welſted had the impudence to tell in Print, that Mr. P. had occaſioned a Lady's Death, and to name a perſon

To pleaſe a Miſtreſs, one aſpers'd his life;
He laſh'd him not, but let her be his wife;
Let Budgel charge low Grubſtreet on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will:
Let the two Curls of town and court, abuſe
His father, mother, body, ſoul, and muſe.

he never heard of: He alſo publiſhed, that he libelled the Duke of Chandos; with whom (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a Preſent of Five Hundred Pounds; the falſhood of both which is known to his Grace: Mr. P. never received any Preſent farther than the ſubſcription for Homer, from him, or from any Great Man whatſoever.

Verſ. 378.] Budgel, in a weekly pamphlet called the Bee, beſtowed much abuſe on him, in the imagination that he writ ſome things about the Laſt-Will of Dr. Tindal, in the Grubſtreet-Journal; a paper wherein he never had the leaſt hand, direction, or ſuperviſal, nor the leaſt knowledge of its author.

Verſ. 381.] In ſome of Curl's and other pamphlets, Mr. Pope's Father was ſaid to be a mechanic, a hatter, a farmer, nay a bankrupt. But, what is ſtranger, a Nobleman (if ſuch a reflexion could be thought to come from a Nobleman) had dropped an alluſion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an Epiſtle to a Doctor of Divinity: and the following line,

"Hard as thy heart, and as thy Birth obſcure,"

had fallen from a like Courtly pen, in certain verſes to the Imitator of HORACE. Mr. Pope's Father was of a Gentleman's Family in Oxfordſhire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whoſe ſole Heireſs married Earl Lindſey.—His mother was the Daughter of William Turner, Eſq; of York; ſhe had three Brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the ſervice of King CHARLES; the eldeſt following his fortunes, and becoming a General Officer in Spain, left her what eſtate remained after the ſequeſtrations and forfeitures of her family.—Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75; She in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this Poem was finiſhed. The following Inſcription was placed by their Son on their Monument in the pariſh of Twickenham, in Middleſex,

Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
It was a ſin to call our neighbour Fool:
That harmleſs Mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and ſpare his Family, James Moore
Unſpotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in Virtue or in Song.
Of gentle Blood (part ſhed in Honour's cauſe,
While yet in Britain Honour had applauſe)
Each parent ſprung—What fortune, pray?—Their own,
And better got, than Beſtia's from the throne.
Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying Diſcord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age.
No courts he ſaw, no ſuits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lye,
Unlearn'd, he knew no ſchoolman's ſubtile art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By Nature honeſt, by Experience wiſe,
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exerciſe;
His life, tho' long, to ſickneſs paſs'd unknown,
His death was inſtant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!
Who ſprung from Kings ſhall know leſs joy than I.

D. O. M.

Alexandro Pope, Viro Innocuo, Probo, Pio,
Qui vixit annos Lxxv, ob. Mdccxvii.
Et Edithæ Conjugi Inculpabili,
Pientissimæ, Quæ vixit annos
xciii, ob. Mdccxxxiii.
Parentibus Benemerentibus Filius Fecit,
Et Sibi.

O Friend! may each domeſtic bliſs be thine!
Be no unpleaſing melancholy mine:
Me let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of repoſing Age,
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor ſmile, and ſmooth the bed of Death,
Explore the thought, explain the aſking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the ſky!
On cares like theſe, if length of days attend,
May Heav'n, to bleſs thoſe days, preſerve my Friend,
Preſerve him ſocial, chearful, and ſerene,
And juſt as rich as when he ſerv'd a Queen.
Whether that bleſſing be deny'd or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the reſt belongs to Heav'n.

ELOISA

TO

ABELARD.

ARGUMENT.

ABELARD and ELOISA flouriſhed in the twelfth Century; they were two of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate paſſion. After a long courſe of calamities, they retired each to a ſeveral convent, and conſecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this ſeparation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the hiſtory of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloiſa. This awakening all her tenderneſs, occaſioned thoſe celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give ſo lively a picture of the ſtruggle of Grace and Nature, Virtue and Paſſion. P.

IN theſe deep ſolitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-penſive contemplation dwells,
And ever-muſing melancholy reigns;
What means this tumult in a veſtal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this laſt retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?

Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloiſa yet muſt kiſs the name.
Dear fatal name! reſt ever unreveal'd,
Nor paſs theſe lips in holy ſilence ſeal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that cloſe diſguiſe,
Where mix'd with God's his lov'd idea lies:
O write it not my hand—the name appears
Already written—waſh it out, my tears.
In vain loſt Eloiſa weeps and prays,
Her heart ſtill diſtates, and her hand obeys.
Relentless walls! whoſe darkſome round contains
Repentant ſighs, and voluntary pains!
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns ſhagg'd with horrid thorn!
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying ſaints, whoſe ſtatues learn to weep!
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and ſilent grown,
I have not yet forgot myſelf to ſtone.
All is not heav'n's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor pray'rs nor faſts its ſtubborn pulſe reſtrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters, trembling, I uncloſe,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever ſad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in ſighs, ſtill uſher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows cloſe behind.
Line after line my guſhing eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a ſad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Loſt in a convent's ſolitary gloom!
There ſtern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
There dy'd the beſt of paſſions, Love and Fame.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo ſighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my Abelard leſs kind than they?
Tears ſtill are mine, and theſe I need not ſpare,
Love but demands what elſe were ſhed in pray'r;
No happier taſk theſe faded eyes purſue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then ſhare thy pain, allow that ſad relief;
Ah, more than ſhare it, give me all thy grief;
Heav'n firſt taught letters for ſome wretch's aid,
Some baniſh'd lover, or ſome captive maid;
They live, they ſpeak, they breathe what love inſpires,
Warm from the ſoul, and faithful to its fires,
The virgin's wiſh without her fears impart,
Excuſe the bluſh, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the ſoft intercourſe from ſoul to ſoul,
And waft a ſigh from Indus to the pole.

Thou know'ſt how guiltleſs firſt I met thy flame,
When love approach'd me under friendſhip's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th'all-beauteous mind.
Thoſe ſmiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray
Shone ſweetly lambient with celeſtial day.
Guiltleſs I gaz'd; heav'n liſten'd while you ſung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like thoſe what precepts fail to move?
Too ſoon they taught me 'twas no ſin to love:
Back thro' the paths of pleaſing ſenſe I ran,
Nor wiſh'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
Dim and remote the joys of ſaints I ſee;
Nor envy them that heav'n I loſe for thee.

Verſ. 66. And truths divine, &c.] He was her Preceptor in Philoſophy and Divinity.

How oft, when preſt to marriage have I ſaid,
Curſe on all laws but thoſe which love has made?
Love, free as air, at ſight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
Auguſt her deed, and ſacred be her fame;
Before true paſſion all thoſe views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Thoſe reſtleſs paſſions in revenge inſpires,
And bids them make miſtaken mortals groan,
Who ſeeks in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great maſter fall,
Himſelf, his throne, his world, I'd ſcorn them all,
Not Cæſar's empreſs would I deign to prove;
No, make me miſtreſs to the man I love;
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than miſtreſs, make me that to thee?
Oh! happy ſtate! when ſouls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature, law:
All then is full, poſſeſſing, and poſſeſt,
No craving void left aking in the breaſt:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wiſh ſprings mutual from the heart,
This ſure is bliſs (if bliſs on earth there be)
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

ALAS how chang'd! what ſudden horrors riſe!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloiſa? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian ſtay! that bloody ſtroke reſtrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain,
I can no more, by ſhame, by rage ſuppreſs'd,
Let tears, and burning bluſhes ſpeak the reſt.

Canst thou forget that ſad, that ſolemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canſt thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiſs'd the ſacred veil,
The ſhrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n ſcarce believ'd the Conqueſt it ſurvey'd,
And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to theſe dread altars as I drew,
Not on the Croſs my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call;
And if I loſe thy love, I loſe my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Thoſe ſtill at leaſt are left thee to beſtow.
Still on that breaſt enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poiſon from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be preſs'd;
Give all thou canſt—and let me dream the reſt.
Ah no! inſtruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes:
Full in my view ſet all thy bright abode,
And make my ſoul quit Abelard for God.
Ah think at leaſt thy flock deſerves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the falſe world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wild, and deſerts led.
You rais'd theſe hallow'd walls; the deſerts ſmil'd,
And paradiſe was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan ſaw his father's ſtores
Our ſhrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No ſilver ſaints, by dying miſers giv'n
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n:

Verſ. 133. "You rais'd theſe hallow'd walls;"] He founded the Monaſtery. P.

But ſuch plain roofs as Piety could raiſe,
And only vocal with the Maker's praiſe.
In theſe lone walls (their days eternal bound)
Theſe moſs-grown domes with ſpiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows ſhed a ſolemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank ſadneſs, or continual tears.
See how the force of others pray'rs I try,
(O pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
But why ſhould I on others pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, huſband, friend!
Ah let thy handmaid, ſiſter, daughter move,
And all thoſe tender names in one, thy love!
The darkſome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring ſtreams that ſhine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more theſe ſcenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to reſt the viſionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and duſky caves,
Long-ſounding iſles and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy ſits, and round her throws
A death-like ſilence, and a dread repoſe:
Her gloomy preſence ſaddens all the ſcene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever muſt I ſtay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!

Death, only death, can break the laſting chain;
And here, ev'n then, ſhall my cold duſt remain,
Here all its frailties, all its flames reſign,
And wait till 'tis no ſin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the ſpouſe of God in vain,
Confeſs'd within the ſlave of love and man,
Aſſiſt me Heav'n! but whence aroſe that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from deſpair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chaſtity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view the crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleaſures, and ſollicit new;
Now turn'd to Heav'n, I weep my paſt offence,
Now think of thee, and curſe my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience to forget!
How ſhall I loſe the ſin, yet keep the ſenſe,
And love th' offender, yet deteſt th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how diſtinguiſh penitence from love?
Unequal taſk! a paſſion to reſign,
For hearts ſo touch'd, ſo pierc'd, ſo loſt, as mine.
Ere ſuch a ſoul regains its peaceful ſtate,
How often muſt it love, how often hate!
How often hope, deſpair, reſent, regret,
Conceal, diſdain,——do all things but forget.
But let Heav'n ſeize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
Not touch'd, but rap'd; not waken'd, but inſpir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to ſubdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myſelf—and you.
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can ſucceed to thee.

How happy is the blameleſs Veſtal's lot?
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal ſun-ſhine of the ſpotleſs mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wiſh reſign'd;
Labour and reſt, that equal periods keep;
"Obedient ſlumbers that can wake and weep;"
Deſires compos'd, affections ever ev'n;
Tears that delight, and ſighs that waft to Heav'n.
Grace ſhines around her with ſereneſt beams,
And whiſp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th'unfading roſe of Eden blooms,
And wings of Seraphs ſhed divine perfumes,
For her the ſpouſe prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins Hymenæals ſing,
To ſounds of heav'nly harps ſhe dies away,
And melts in viſions of eternal day.

FAR other dreams my erring ſoul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy:
When at the cloſe of each ſad ſorrowing day,
Fancy reſtores what vengeance ſnatch'd away;
Then conſcience ſleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my looſe ſoul unbounded ſprings to thee.
O curſt, dear horrors of all-conſcious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking Dæmons all reſtraint remove,
And ſtir within me ev'ry ſource of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my claſping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I ſay:
I ſtretch my empty arms; it glides away.

Verſ. 212. "Obedient ſlumbers, &c.] Taken from Cranſhaw.

To dream once more, I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspence from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow:
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold——yet Eloisa loves.
Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view?
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me,
Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul;

One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Prieſts, tapers, temples, ſwim before my ſight:
In ſeas of flame my plunging ſoul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and Angels tremble round.

While proſtrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops juſt gath'ring in my eye;
While praying, trembling, in the duſt I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my ſoul;
Come, if thou dar'ſt, all charming as thou art!
Oppoſe thyſelf to heav'n: diſpute my heart;
Come, with one glance of thoſe deluding eyes
Blot out each bright Idea of the ſkies;
Take back that grace, thoſe ſorrows, and thoſe tears;
Take back my fruitleſs penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, juſt mounting, from the bleſt abode;
Aſſiſt the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No; fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole;
Riſe Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor ſhare one pang of all I felt for thee,
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory reſign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O Grace ſerene! oh Virtue, heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Freſh-blooming Hope, gay daughter of the ſky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter each mild, each amicable gueſt;
Receive and wrap me in eternal reſt!

See in her cell ſad Eloiſa ſpread,
Propt on ſome tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a ſpirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls,

Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder ſhrine I heard a hollow ſound.
" Come, ſiſter, come! (it ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay)
" Thy place is here, ſad ſiſter, come away!
" Once like thyſelf, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
" Love's victim then, tho' now a ſainted maid:
" But all is calm in this eternal ſleep;
" Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
" Ev'n ſuperſtition loſes ev'ry fear:
" For God, not man, abſolves our frailties here."
I come, I come! prepare your roſeate bow'rs,
Celeſtial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
Thither, where ſinners may have reſt, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breaſts ſeraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the laſt ſad office pay,
And ſmooth my paſſage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my laſt breath, and catch my flying ſoul!
Ah no—in ſacred veſtments may'ſt thou ſtand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Preſent the Croſs before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me, to die.
And then, thy once-lov'd Eloiſa ſee!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the tranſient roſes fly!
See the laſt ſparkle languiſh in my eye!
'Till ev'ry motion, pulſe, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
O Death all-eloquent! you only prove
What duſt we doat on, when 'tis man we love.
THEN too, when fate ſhall thy fair frame deſtroy,
(That cauſe of all my guilt, and all my joy)

In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds deſcend, and angels watch thee round,
From op'ning ſkies may ſtreaming glories ſhine,
And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapleſs name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart ſhall beat no more;
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclet's white walls and ſilver ſprings;
O'er the pale marble ſhall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other ſheds;
Then ſadly ſay, with mutual pity mov'd,
"Oh may we never love as theſe have lov'd!
From the full choir when loud Hoſannas riſe,
And ſwell the pomp of dreadful ſacrifice;
Amid that ſcene, if ſome relenting eye
Glance on the ſtone where our cold relicks lie;
Devotion's ſelf ſhall ſteal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear ſhall drop and be forgiv'n.
And ſure if fate ſome future bard ſhall join
In ſad ſimilitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in abſence to deplore,
And image charms he muſt behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves ſo long, ſo well;
Let him our ſad, our tender ſtory tell;
The well-ſung woes will ſooth my penſive ghoſt;
He beſt can paint 'em who ſhall feel 'em moſt.

Verſ. 343. "May one kind grave, &c."] Abelard and Eloiſa were interred in the ſame grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the monaſtery of the Paraclete: he died in the year 1142, ſhe in 1163. P.

THE

RAPE of the LOCK.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuiſſe tuis. MART.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous cauſes ſprings,
What mighty conteſts riſe from trivial things.
I ſing—This verſe to CARYL, Muſe! is due:
This ev'n Belinda may vouchſafe to view:
Slight is the ſubject, but not ſo the praiſe,
If She inſpire, and he approve my lays.

SAY what ſtrange motive, Goddeſs! could compel
A well-bred Lord t' aſſault a gentle Belle?
O ſay what ſtranger cauſe, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
In taſks ſo bold, can little men engage,
And in ſoft boſoms dwells ſuch mighty rage?

SOL thro' white curtains ſhot a tim'rous ray,
And op'd thoſe eyes that muſt eclipſe the day:
Now lap-dogs give themſelves the rouſing ſhake,
And ſleepleſs lovers, juſt at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the ſlipper knock'd the ground,
And the preſs'd watch return'd a ſilver ſound.

Belinda ſtill her downy pillow preſt,
Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy reſt:
'Twas He had ſummon'd to her ſilent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head,
A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,
(That ev'n in ſlumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whiſpers ſaid, or ſeem'd to ſay.

FAIREST of mortals, thou diſtinguiſh'd care
Of thouſand bright Inhabitants of Air!
If e'er one viſion touch thy infant-thought,
Of all the Nurſe and all the Prieſt have taught;
Of airy Elves by moon-light ſhadows ſeen,
The ſilver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins viſited by Angel pow'rs,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some ſecret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give?
The Fair and Innocent ſhall ſtill believe.
Know then unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
The light Militia of the lower ſky:
Theſe, tho' unſeen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
Think what an equipage thou haſt in Air,
And view with ſcorn two Pages and a Chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;
Thence by a ſoft tranſition, we repair
From earthly Vehicles to theſe of Air.
Think not, when Woman's tranſient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;

Succeeding vanities ſhe ſtill regards,
And tho' ſhe plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death ſurvive.
For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
To their firſt elements their Souls retire:
The Sp'rits of fiery Termagants in Flame
Mount up and take a Salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
And ſip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea.
The graver Prude ſinks downward to a Gnome,
In ſearch of miſchief ſtill on Earth to roam.
The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And ſport and flutter in the fields of Air.

KNOW farther yet; whoever fair and chaſte
Rejects mankind, is by ſome Sylph embrac'd:
For Spirits, freed from mortal Laws, with eaſe
Aſſume what ſexes and what ſhapes they pleaſe.
What guards the purity of melting Maids,
In courtly balls and midnight maſquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring ſpark,
The glance by day, the whiſper in the dark,
When kind occaſion prompts their warm deſires,
When muſic ſoftens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their Sylph, the wiſe Celeſtials know,
Tho' Honour is the word with Men below.

SOME Nymphs there are, too conſcious of their face,
For life predeſtin'd to the Gnomes embrace.
Theſe ſwell their proſpects and exalt their pride,
When offers are diſdain'd, and love deny'd:

Verſ. 79. "too conſcious of their face."] i. e. ſenſible of their beauty.

Then gay Ideas croud the vacant brain,
While Peers, and Dukes, and all their ſweeping train,
And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
And in ſoft ſounds, Your Grace ſalutes their ear.
'Tis theſe that early taint the female ſoul,
Inſtruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
Teach Infant-cheeks a bidden bluſh to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a Beau.

OFT when the world imagine women ſtray,
The Sylphs thro' myſtic mazes guide their way,
Thro' all the giddy circle they purſue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but muſt a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio ſpeaks, what virgin could withſtand,
If gentle Damon did not ſqueeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They ſhift the moving Toy-ſhop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with ſword-knots ſword-knots ſtrive,
Beaux baniſh beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals Levity may call,
Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

OF theſe am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful ſp'rit, and Ariel is my name,
Late, as I rang'd the cryſtal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling ſtar,
I ſaw, alas! ſome dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning ſun deſcend,
But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to diſcloſe is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but moſt beware of man?

He ſaid; when Shock, who thought ſhe ſlept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his miſtreſs with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report ſay true,
Thy eyes firſt open'd on a Billet-doux;
Wounds, Charms, and Ardours, were no ſooner read,
But all the Viſion vaniſh'd from thy head.

And now unveil'd, the Toilet ſtands diſplay'd,
Each ſilver Vaſe in myſtic order laid.
Firſt, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the Coſmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly Image in the glaſs appears,
To that ſhe bends, to that her eyes ſhe rears;
Th' inferior Prieſteſs, at her altar's ſide.
Trembling begins the ſacred rites of Pride,
Unnumber'd treaſures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each ſhe nicely culls with curious toil.
And decks the Goddeſs with the glitt'ring ſpoil.
This caſket India's growing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoiſe here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the ſpeckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their ſhining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment riſes in her charms,
Repairs her ſmiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer bluſh ariſe,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The buſy Sylphs ſurround their darling care,
Theſe ſet the head, and thoſe divide the hair,
Some fold the ſleeve, whilſt others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in the etherial plain,
The Sun firſt riſes o'er the purpled main,
Than, iſſuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the boſom of the ſilver Thames,
Fair Nymphs, and well-dreſt Youths around her ſhone,
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone,
On her white breaſt a ſparkling Croſs ſhe worer
Which Jews might kiſs, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a ſprightly mind diſcloſe,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as thoſe:
Favours to none, to all ſhe ſmiles extends;
Oft ſhe rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the ſun, her eyes the gazers ſtrike,
And, like the ſun, they ſhine on all alike.
Yet graceful eaſe, and ſweetneſs void of pride
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide:
If to her ſhare ſome female errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget 'em all.

THIS Nymph, to the deſtruction of mankind,
Nouriſh'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conſpir'd to deck
With ſhining ringlets the ſmooth iv'ry neck.
Love in theſe labyrinths his ſlaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in ſlender chains.
With hairy ſpringes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair ſurprize the finny prey:
Fair treſſes man's imperial race inſnare,
And beauty draws us with a ſingle hair.

TH' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd
He ſaw, he wiſh'd, and to the prize aſpir'd.

Reſolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to raviſh, or by fraud betray;
For when ſucceſs a Lover's toil attends,
Few aſk, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

FOR this, ere Phœbus roſe, he had implor'd;
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
But chiefly Love——to Love an Altar built,
Of twelve vaſt French Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous ſighs to raiſe the fire.
Then proſtrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain and long poſſeſs the prize:
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The reſt, the winds diſpers'd in empty air.

BUT now ſecure the painted veſſel glides,
The ſun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting muſic ſteals upon the ſky,
And ſoften'd ſounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda ſmil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppreſt,
Th' impending woe ſat heavy on his breaſt.
He ſummons ſtrait his Denizens of air;
The lucid ſquadrons round the ſails repair:
Soft o'er the ſhrouds aërial whiſpers breathe,
That ſeem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the ſun their inſect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or ſink in clouds of gold;
Tranſparent forms, too fine for mortal ſight,
Their fluid bodies half diſſolv'd in light.
Looſe to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,

Dipt in the richeſt tincture of the ſkies,
Where light diſports in ever-mingling dyes;
While ev'ry beam new tranſient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings,
Amid the circle on the gilded maſt,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions op'ning to the ſun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.
YE Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons, hear!
Ye know the ſpheres: and various taſks aſſign'd
By laws eternal to the aërial kind.
Some in the fields of pureſt Æther play,
And baſk and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the courſe of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundleſs ſky.
Some leſs refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Purſue the ſtars that ſhoot athwart the night,
Or ſuck the miſts in groſſer air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempeſts on the wintry main
Or o'er the glebe diſtil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preſide,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of theſe the chief the care of Nations own,
And guard with Arms divine the Britiſh Throne.
OUR humble province is to tend the Fair,
Not a leſs pleaſing, tho' leſs glorious care;
To ſave the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th'impriſon'd eſſences exhale;
To draw freſh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
To ſteal from rainbows e'er they drop in ſhow'rs
A brighter waſh; to curl their waving hairs,
Aſſiſt their bluſhes, and inſpire their airs;

Nay, oft in dreams, invention we beſtow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow,
THIS day, black Omens threat the brighteſt Fair
That e'er deſerv'd a watchful ſpirit's care;
Some dire diſaſter, or by force, or ſlight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph ſhall break Diana's law,
Or ſome frail China jar receive a flaw;
Or ſtain her honour, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miſs a maſquerade;
Or loſe her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock muſt fall,
Haſte then, ye ſpirits! to your charge repair:
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we conſign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Criſpiſſa, tend her fav'rite Lock:
Ariel himſelf ſhall be the guard of Shock.
To fifty choſen Sylphs, of ſpecial note,
We truſt th' important charge, the petticoat:
Oft have we known that ſeven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' ſtiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;
Form a ſtrong line about the ſilver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.
WHATEVER ſpirit, careleſs of his charge,
His poſt neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel ſharp vengeance ſoon o'ertake his ſins,
Be ſtop'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter waſhes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and Pomatums ſhall his flight reſtrain,
While clog'd he beats his ſilken wings in vain;
Or Alum ſtyptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin eſſence like a rivel'd flow'r:

Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch ſhall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
In fumes of burning Chocolate ſhall glow,
And tremble at the ſea that froths below!

He ſpoke; the ſpirits from the ſails deſcend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendents of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by thoſe meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride ſurveys his riſing tow'rs:
There ſtands a ſtructure of majeſtic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's ſtateſman oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Doſt ſometimes counſel take—and ſometimes Tea.

Hither the Heroes and the Nymphs reſort,
To taſte a while the pleaſures of a Court;
In various talk th' inſtructive hours they paſt,
Who gave the ball, or paid the viſit laſt;
One ſpeaks the glory of the Britiſh Queen,
And one deſcribes a charming Indian ſcreen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, ſupply each pauſe of chat,
With ſinging, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Mean while declining from the noon of day,
The ſun obliquely ſhoots his burning ray;

The hungry Judges ſoon the ſentence ſign,
And wretches hang that Jury-men may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilette ceaſe.
Belinda now, whom thirſt of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
At Ombre ſingly to decide their doom;
And ſwells her breaſt with conqueſts yet to come.
Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the ſacred nine.
Soon as ſhe ſpreads her hand, th' aerial gaurd
Deſcend, and ſit on each important card:
Firſt Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For Sylphs yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wond'rous fond of place.

BEHOLD, four Kings in majeſty rever'd,
With hoary whiſkers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens whoſe hands ſuſtain a flow'r,
Th' expreſſive emblem of their ſoſter pow'r;
Four Knaves in garbs ſuccinct, a truſty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And Parti-colour'd troops, a ſhining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

THE ſkilful Nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! ſhe ſaid, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her ſable Matadores,
In ſhow like leaders of the ſwarthy Moors.
Spadillio firſt unconquerable Lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and ſwept the board.
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Baſto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump and one Plebeian card,

With his broad ſabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majeſty of ſpades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,
The reſt his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the juſt victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu.
Sad chance of war! now deſtitute of aid,
Fall undiſtinguiſh'd by the victor ſpade!

THUS far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her hoſt invades,
Th'imperial conſort of the crown of Spades.
The Clubs black Tyrant firſt her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs in ſtate unwieldy ſpread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs only, graſps the globe?

THE Baron now his Di'monds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd King who ſhews but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd
Of broken troops an eaſy conqueſt find.
Clubs, Di'monds, Hearts, in wild diſorder ſeen,
With throngs promiſcuous ſtrow the level green.
Thus when diſpers'd a routed army runs,
Of Aſia's troops, and Afric's ſable ſons,
With like confuſion diff'rent nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions diſ-united fall.
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh ſhameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forſook,
A livid paleneſs ſpreads o'er all her look;
She ſees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Juſt in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now, (as oft in ſome diſtemper'd ſtate)
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate.
An Ace of Hearts ſteps forth: the King unſeen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:
He ſprings to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the proſtrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with ſhouts the ſky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

O thoughtleſs mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too ſoon dejected, and too ſoon elate.
Sudden, theſe honours ſhall be ſnatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

FOR lo! the board with cups and ſpoons is crown'd:
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
On ſhining altars of Japan they raiſe
The ſilver lamp; the fiery ſpirits blaze:
From ſilver ſpouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the ſmoaking tide:
At once they gratify their ſcent and taſte,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repaſte.
Strait hover round the fair an airy band;
Some, as ſhe ſipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes diſplay'd,
Trembling, and conſcious of the rich brocade.
Coffee, which makes the politician wiſe,
And ſee thro' all things with his half-ſhut eyes,
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New ſtratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah ceaſe, raſh youth! deſiſt ere 'tis too late,
Fear the juſt Gods, and think of Scylla's fate!

Chang'd to a bird, and ſent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Niſus' injur'd hair!

BUT when to miſchief mortals bend their will,
How ſoon they find fit inſtruments of ill?
Juſt then, Clariſſa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her ſhining caſe:
So Ladies in romance aſſiſt their Knight,
Preſent the ſpear and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his finger's ends;
This juſt behind Belinda's neck he ſpread,
As o'er the fragrant ſteams ſhe bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thouſand ſp'rits repair,
A thouſand wings, by turns blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice ſhe look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Juſt in that inſtant, anxious Ariel ſought
The cloſe receſſes of the virgin's thought;
As on the noſegay in her breaſt reclin'd,
He watch'd the Ideas riſing in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in ſpite of all her art,
An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
Reſign'd to fate, and with a ſigh retir'd.

THE Peer now ſpreads the glitt'ring Forfex wide,
T' incloſe the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the ſheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,
(But airy ſubſtance ſoon unites again)
The meeting points the ſacred hair diſſever
From the fair head for ever, and for ever!

THEN flaſh'd the living light'ning from her eyes,
And ſcreams of horror rend th' affrighted ſkies.

Not louder ſhrieks to pitying heav'n are caſt,
When huſbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their laſt;
Or when rich China-veſſels fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring duſt, and painted fragments lie!

LET wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The Victor cry'd) the glorious prize is mine!
While fiſh in ſtreams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and ſix the Britiſh fair,
As long as Atalantis ſhall be read,
Or the ſmall pillow grace a Lady's bed,
While viſits ſhall be paid on ſolemn days
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or aſſignation give,
So long my honour, name, and praiſe ſhall live!
What time would ſpare, from Steel receives its date.
And monuments like men ſubmit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the Gods deſtroy,
And ſtrike to duſt the imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs ſhould feel,
The conqu'ring force of unreſiſted ſteel?

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the penſive nymph oppreſs'd,
And ſecret paſſions labour'd in her breaſt.
Not youthful Kings in battle ſeiz'd alive,
Not ſcornful virgins who their charms ſurvive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliſs,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiſs,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,

E'er felt ſuch rage, reſentment, and deſpair,
As thou, ſad Virgin! for thy raviſh'd Hair.

FOR, that ſad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a duſky, melancholy ſp'rit,
As ever ſully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper ſcene,
Repair'd to ſearch the gloomy Cave of Spleen.

SWIFT on his ſooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the diſmal dome.
No chearful breeze this ſullen region knows,
The dreaded Eaſt is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, ſhelter'd cloſe from air,
And ſcreen'd in ſhades from day's deteſted glare,
She ſighs for ever on her penſive bed,
Pain at her ſide, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But diff'ring far in figure and in face.
Here ſtood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in back and white array'd;
With ſtore of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd: her boſom, with lampoons:
There Affectation, with a ſickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roſes of eighteen,
Practis'd to liſp, and hang the head aſide,
Faints into airs, and languiſhes with pride,
On the rich quilt ſinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for ſickneſs, and for ſhow.
The fair-ones feel ſuch maladies as theſe
When each new night-dreſs gives a new diſeaſe.

A conſtant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms riſing as the miſts ariſe;
Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted ſhades,
Or bright, as viſions of expiring maids.

Now glaring fiends, and ſnakes on rolling ſpires,
Pale ſpectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elyſian ſcenes,
And cryſtal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs, on ev'ry ſide are ſeen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living Tea-pots ſtand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the ſpout:
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks;
Here ſighs a Jar, and there a Gooſe-pye talks,
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

SAFE paſt the Gnome thro' this fantaſtic band,
A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus addreſs'd the pow'r—Hail wayward Queen!
Who rule the ſex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hyſteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make ſome take phyſic, others ſcribble plays;
Who cauſe the proud their viſits to delay,
And ſend the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r diſdains,
And thouſands more in equal mirth maintains.
But, oh! if e'er thy Gnome could ſpoil a grace,
Or raiſe a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a loſing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd ſuſpicion when no ſoul was rude,
Or diſcompos'd the head-dreſs of a Prude,
Or e'er to coſtive lap-dog gave diſeaſe,
Which not the tears of brighteſt eyes could eaſe:

Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That ſingle act gives half the world the ſpleen.
The Goddeſs with a diſcontented air
Seems to reject him, tho' ſhe grants his pray'r.
A wond'rous bag with both her hands ſhe binds,
Like that where once Ulyſſes held the winds;
There ſhe collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, ſobs, and paſſions, and the war of tongues.
A Vial next ſhe fills with fainting fears,
Soft ſorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and ſlowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thaleſtris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the ſwelling bag he rent,
And all the furies iſſu'd at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thaleſtris fans the riſing fire.
O wretched maid! ſhe ſpread her hands and cry'd
(While Hampton's echoes, Wretched maid reply'd)
Was it for this you took ſuch conſtant care
The bodkin, comb, and eſſence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets ſtrain'd your tender head?
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! ſhall the raviſher diſplay your hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies ſtare!
Honour forbid! at whoſe unrival'd ſhrine
Eaſe, pleaſure, virtue, all our ſex reſign.
Methinks already I your tears ſurvey,
Already hear the horrid things they ſay,
Already ſee you a degraded toaſt,
And all your honour in a whiſper loſt!

How ſhall I, then, your helpleſs fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to ſeem your friend!
And ſhall this prize, th' ineſtimable prize,
Expos'd thro' cryſtal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze!
Sooner ſhall graſs in Hyde-park circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the ſound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, ſea, to Chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, periſh all!

She ſaid; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume of amber ſnuff-box juſtly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earneſt eyes, and round unthinking face,
He firſt the ſnuff-box open'd, then the caſe,
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil?
"Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you muſt be civil!
"Plague on't! 'tis paſt a jeſt——nay, prithee, pox!
"Give her the hair"—he ſpoke, and rapp'd his box.

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
Who ſpeaks ſo well ſhould ever ſpeak in vain.
But by this Lock, this ſacred Lock I ſwear,
Which never more ſhall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours ſhall renew,
Clip'd from the lovely head where late it grew,
That while my noſtrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, ſhall for ever wear.
He ſpoke, and ſpeaking, in proud triumph ſpread,
The long-contended honours of her head,

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not ſo;
He breaks the vial whence the ſorrows flow.
Then, ſee! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languiſhing, half-drown'd in tears;

On her heav'd boſom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a ſigh, ſhe rais'd; and thus ſhe ſaid.
For ever curs'd be this deteſted day,
Which ſnatch'd my beſt, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-court theſe eyes had never ſeen!
Yet am not I the firſt miſtaken maid,
By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd;
O had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In ſome lone iſle, or diſtant Northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taſte Bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roſes that in deſarts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?
O had I ſtay'd, and ſaid my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens ſeem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring China ſhook without a wind,
Nay Poll ſat mute, and Shock was moſt unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In myſtic viſions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of theſe ſlighted hairs!
My hands ſhall rend what even thy rapine ſpares:
Theſe in two ſable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the ſnowy neck;
The ſiſter-lock now ſits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foreſees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal ſheers demands,
And tempts, once more, thy ſacrilegious hands.
Oh hadſt thou, cruel! been content to ſeize
Hairs leſs in ſight, or any hairs but theſe!

CANTO V.

SHE ſaid: the pitying audience melt in tears.
But Fate and Jove had ſtopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thaleſtris with reproach aſſails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half ſo fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clariſſa, graceful, wav'd her fan;
Silence enſu'd, and thus the nymph began.

SAY, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd moſt,
The wiſe man's paſſion, and the vain man's toaſt?
Why deck'd with all that land and ſea afford,
Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches croud the white-glov'd Beaux?
Why bows the ſide-box from his inmoſt rows?
How vain are all theſe glories, all our pains,
Unleſs good ſenſe preſerve what beauty gains:
That men may ſay, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the firſt in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night and dreſs all day,
Charm'd the ſmall-pox, or chac'd old-age away;
Who would not ſcorn what houſewife's cares produce?
Or who would learn one earthly thing of uſe?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
Nor could it ſure be ſuch a ſin to paint.
But ſince, alas! frail beauty muſt decay,
Curl'd or uncurl'd, ſince Locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all ſhall fade,
And ſhe who ſcorns a man, muſt die a maid:
What then remains but well our pow'r to uſe,
And keep good-humour ſtill whate'er we loſe?

And truſt me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and ſcreams, and ſcolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms ſtrike the ſight, but merit wins the ſoul.

So ſpoke the Dame, but no applauſe enſu'd;
Belinda frown'd, Thaleſtris call'd her prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And ſwift as lightning to the combat flies.
All ſide in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, ſilks ruſtle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and Heroines' ſhouts confus'dly riſe,
And baſe and treble voices ſtrike the ſkies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
And heav'nly breaſts with human paſſions rage:
'Gainſt Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune ſtorms, the bellowing deeps reſound:
Earth ſhakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghoſts ſtart at the flaſh of day!

TRIUMPHANT Umbriel on a ſconce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and ſat to view the fight:
Prop'd on their bodkin ſpears, the ſp'rits ſurvey
The growing combat, or aſſiſt the fray.

WHILE thro' the preſs enrag'd Thaleſtris flies,
And ſcatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling periſh'd in the throng,
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in ſong.
"O cruel nymph: a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and ſunk beſide his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards caſt,
"Thoſe eyes are made ſo killing"—was his laſt.

Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring Swan, and as he ſings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clariſſa down,
Chloe ſtepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She ſmil'd to ſee the dou'ty hero ſlain,
But at her ſmile, the Beau reviv'd again.
Now Jove ſuſpends his golden ſcales in air,
Weighs the men's wits againſt the Lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from ſide to ſide;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs ſubſide.
See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than uſual lightning in her eyes,
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who ſought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold Lord with manly ſtrength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb ſubdu'd:
Juſt where the breath of life his noſtrils drew,
A charge of ſnuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom juſt,
The pungent grains of titillating duſt.
Sudden, with ſtarting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his noſe.
Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her ſide.
(The ſame his ancient perſonage to deck,
Her great great Grand-ſire wore about his neck,
In three ſeal rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vaſt buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant Grandame's whiſtle next it grew,
The bells ſhe jingled, and the whiſtle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long ſhe wore, and now Belinda wears)
Boaſt not my fall (he cry'd) inſulting foe!
Thou by ſome other ſhalt be laid as low.

Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind.
Rather than ſo, ah let me ſtill ſurvive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.

RESTORE the Lock! ſhe cries; and all around,
Reſtore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in ſo loud a ſtrain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But ſee how oft ambitious aims are croſs'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is loſt!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is ſought, but ſought in vain:
With ſuch a prize no mortal ſhall be bleſt,
So Heav'n decrees! with Heav'n who can conteſt?

SOME thought it mounted to the Lunar ſphere;
Since all things loſt on earth are treaſur'd there,
There Heroes' wits are kept in pondrous vaſes,
And Beaux in ſnuff-boxes and tweezer caſes.
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers hearts with ends of Ribband bound,
The courtiers promiſes, and ſick mens pray'rs,
The ſmiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of caſuiſtry,

BUT truſt the muſe——ſhe ſaw it upward riſe,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confeſs'd in view,)
A ſudden Star, it ſhot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks firſt roſe ſo bright,
The heav'ns beſpangling with diſhevel'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd purſue its progreſs thro' the ſkies.

THIS the Beaumonde ſhall from the Mall ſurvey,
And hail with muſic its propitious ray.
This the bleſt Lover ſhall for Venus take,
And ſend up vows from Roſamonda's lake.
This Partridge ſoon ſhall view in cloudleſs ſkies,
When next he looks thro' Galilæo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard ſhall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
THEN ceaſe, bright Nymph! to mourn thy raviſh'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the ſhining ſphere!
Not all the treſſes that fair head can boaſt,
Shall draw ſuch envy as the Lock you loſt.
For after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions ſlain, yourſelf ſhall die;
When thoſe fair ſuns ſhall ſet, as ſet they muſt,
And all thoſe treſſes ſhall be laid in duſt,
This Lock, the Muſe ſhall conſecrate to fame,
And 'midſt the ſtars inſcribe Belinda's name.

MESSIAH,

A

SACRED ECLOGUE,

In Imitation of

VIRGIL's POLLIO.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the Song:
To heavenly themes ſublimer ſtrains belong,
The moſſy fountains, and the Sylvan ſhades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inſpire,
Who touch'd Iſaiah's hallow'd lips with fire.
Rapt into future times, the bard begun,
A Virgin ſhall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jeſſe's root behold a branch ariſe,
Whoſe ſacred flow'r with fragrance fills the ſkies:
Th' æthereal ſpirit o'er its leaves ſhall move,
And on its top deſcends the myſtic dove.
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in ſoft ſilence ſhed the kindly ſhow'r!
The ſick and weak, the healing plant ſhall aid,
From ſtorms a ſhelter, and from heat a ſhade.

All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient fraud ſhall fail;
Returning juſtice lift aloft her ſcale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd innocence from heav'n deſcend.
Swift fly the years, and riſe th' expected morn!
Oh ſpring to light, auſpicious babe be born!
See nature haſtes her earlieſt wreaths to bring,
With all the incenſe of the breathing ſpring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding foreſts on the mountains dance,
See ſpicy clouds from lowly Sharon riſe,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the ſkies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely deſart chears!
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears:
A God! a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo earth receives him from the bending ſkies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, riſe;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be ſmooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold!
Hear him, ye deaf, and, all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films ſhall purge the viſual ray,
And on the ſightleſs eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obſtructed paths of ſound ſhall clear,
And bid new muſic charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb ſhall ſing, the lame the crutch forgo,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No ſigh, no murmur the wide world ſhall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains ſhall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good ſhepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freſheſt paſture and the pureſt air,

Explores the loſt, the wand'ring ſheep directs,
By day o'erſees them, and by night protects,
The tender lambs he raiſes in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his boſom warms;
Thus ſhall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd father of the future age,
No more ſhall nation againſt nation riſe,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming ſteel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But uſeleſs lances into ſcyths ſhall bend,
And the broad faulchion in a plow-ſhare end.
Then palaces ſhall riſe; the joyful ſon
Shall finiſh what his ſhort-liv'd ſire begun;
Their vines a ſhadow to their race ſhall yield,
And the ſame hand that ſow'd, ſhall reap the field.
The ſwain in barren deſarts with ſurprize
See lilies ſpring, and ſudden verdure riſe;
And ſtarts amidſt the thirſty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear,
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulruſh nods.
Waſte ſandy valleys once perplex'd with thorn,
The ſpiry fir and ſhapely box adorn;
To leafleſs ſhrubs the flow'ring palms ſucceed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noiſome weed.
The lambs with wolves ſhall graze the verdant mead
And boys in flow'ry banks the tiger lead!
The ſteer and lion at one crib ſhall meet,
And harmleſs ſerpents lick the pilgrims feet.
The ſmiling infant in his hand ſhall take
The creſted baſiliſk and ſpeckled ſnake,
Pleas'd the green luſtre of the ſcales ſurvey,
And with their forky tongue ſhall innocently play.

Riſe, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, riſe!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long race thy ſpacious courts adorn:
See future ſons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crouding ranks on ev'ry ſide ariſe
Demanding life, impatient for the ſkies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with proſtrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabæan ſprings!
For thee Idume's ſpicy foreſts blow,
And ſeeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its ſparkling portals wide diſplay,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the riſing ſun ſhall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her ſilver horn;
But loſt, diſſolv'd in thy ſuperior rays
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himſelf ſhall ſhine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
The ſeas ſhall waſte, the ſkies in ſmoke decay,
Rocks fall to duſt, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his ſaving pow'r remains:
Thy realm for ever laſts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

IN that ſoft ſeaſon, when deſcending ſhow'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the riſing flow'rs,
When op'ning buds ſalute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray;
As balmy ſleep had charm'd my cares to reſt,
And love itſelf was baniſh'd from my breaſt,
(What time the morn myſterious viſions brings,
While purer ſlumbers ſpread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms in wild order roſe,
And join'd, this intellectual ſcene compoſe.
I ſtood, methought, betwixt earth, ſeas, and ſkies;
The whole creation open to my eyes:
In air ſelf-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains riſe and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks, and empty waſtes were ſeen,
There tow'ry cities, and the foreſts green:
Here ſailing ſhips delight the wand'ring eyes:
There trees and intermingled temples riſe?
Now a clear ſun the ſhining ſcene diſplays,
The tranſient landſcape now in clouds decays.
O'ER the wide proſpect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiſcuous ſound,
Like broken thunders that at diſtance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow ſhore:

Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whoſe tow'ring ſummit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of Ice the ſtructure lay,
Steep its aſcent, and ſlipp'ry was the way;
The wond'rous rock like Parian marble ſhone,
And ſeem'd, to diſtant ſight, of ſolid ſtone.
Inſcriptions here of various Names I view'd,
The greater part by hoſtile time ſubdu'd;
Yet wide was ſpread their fame in ages paſt,
And Poets once had promis'd they ſhould laſt.
Some freſh engrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I ſaw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place:
Their own, like others, ſoon their place reſign'd,
Or diſappear'd, and left the firſt behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by ſtorms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a ſun;
For Fame, impatient of extremes, decays,
Not more by envy than exceſs of praiſe.
Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,
Like cryſtal faithful to the graving ſteel;
The rock's high ſummit, in the temple's ſhade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating ſtorm invade.
Their names inſcrib'd unnumber'd ages paſt
From time's firſt birth, with time itſelf ſhall laſt;
Theſe ever new, nor ſubject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of froſt)
Riſe white in air, and glitter o'er the coaſt;
Pale ſuns, unfelt, at diſtance roll away,
And on th' impaſſive ice the lightnings play:
Eternal ſnows the growing maſs ſupply,
Till the bright mountains prop the incumbent ſky:

As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thouſand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple ſtands;
Stupenduous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face,
Of various ſtructure, but of equal grace:
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the ſky.
Here fabled Chiefs in darker ages born,
Or Worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monſtrous race;
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And Legiſlators ſeem to think in ſtone.

WESTWARD, a ſumptuous frontiſpice appear'd
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold,
And ſculpture riſing on the roughen'd gold.
In ſhaggy ſpoils here Theſeus was beheld,
And Perſeus dreadful with Minerva's ſhield:
There great Alcides ſtooping with his toil,
Reſts on his club, and holds th' Heſperian ſpoil.
Here Orpheus ſings; trees moving to the ſound
Start from their roots, and form a ſhade around:
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a ſudden Thebes aſpire!
Cithæron's echoes anſwer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you ſee the length'ning ſpires aſcend,
The domes ſwell up, the wid'ning arches bend,
The growing tow'rs, like exhalations riſe,
And the huge columns heave into the ſkies.

THE Eaſtern front was glorious to behold,
With di'mond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus ſhone, who ſpread th' Aſſyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Perſian name:
There in long robes the royal Magi ſtand,
Grave Zoroaſter waves the circling wand,
The ſage Chaldæans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in deſart woods rever'd.
Theſe ſtop'd the moon, and call'd th' unbody'd ſhades
To midnight banquets in the glim'ring glades:
Made viſionary fabrics round them riſe,
And airy ſpectres ſkim before their eyes;
Of Taliſmans and Sigils knew the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the Planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius ſtood,
Who taught that uſeful ſcience, to be good.
BUT on the South, a long majeſtic race
Of Ægypt's Prieſts the gilded niches grace,
Who meaſur'd earth, deſcrib'd the ſtarry ſpheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Seſoſtris ſtruck my view,
Whom ſcepter'd ſlaves in golden harneſs drew:
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold;
His giant limbs are arm'd in ſcales of gold.
Between the ſtatues obeliſks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with Hieroglyphics grac'd.
OF Gothic ſtructure was the Northern ſide,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride.
There huge Coloſſes roſe, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There ſate Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, ſmear'd with blood,
The horrd forms of Scythian heroes ſtood,

Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unſtrung)
And youths that dy'd to be by Poets ſung,
Theſe and a thouſand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a laſting name,
In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face;
The wall in luſtre and effect like Glaſs,
Which o'er each object caſting various dyes,
Enlarges ſome, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the myſtic wall,
For thus Romantic Fame increaſes all.

THE Temple ſhakes, the ſounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold:
Rais'd on a thouſand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel-foliage, and with eagles crown'd:
Of bright tranſparent beryl were the walls,
The freezes gold, and gold the capitals:
As heav'n with ſtars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows,
Full in the paſſage of each ſpacious gate,
The ſage Hiſtorians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their ſeats the form of Time was found,
His ſcythe revers'd and both his pinions bound.
Within ſtood Heroes, who thro' loud alarms
In bloody fields purſu'd renown in arms.
High on a throne with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The Youth that all things but himſelf ſubdu'd;
His feet on ſceptres and tiara's trod,
And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan God.
There Cæſar, grac'd with both Minerva's ſhone:
Cæſar, the world's great maſter and his own;
Unmov'd, ſuperior ſtill in ev'ry ſtate,
And ſcarce deteſted in his Country's fate.
But chief were thoſe, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's ſafety bought:

High o'er the reſt Epaminondas ſtood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, ſaviour of the Roman ſtate;
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wiſe Aurelius, in whoſe well-taught mind
With boundleſs pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
His own ſtrict judge, and patron of mankind.

MUCH-ſuff'ring heroes next their honours claim,
Thoſe of leſs noiſy, and leſs guilty fame,
Fair virtue's ſilent train: ſupreme of theſe
Here ever ſhines the godlike Socrates:
He whom ungrateful Athens could expell,
At all times juſt, but when he ſign'd the ſhell:
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the laſt of Spartan names:
Unconquer'd Cato ſhews the wound he tore.
And Brutus his ill Genius meets no more.

BUT in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the reſt aſpire;
Around the ſhrine itſelf of Fame they ſtand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command,
High on the firſt, the mighty Homer ſhone;
Eternal Adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verſe! in holy fillets dreſt,
His ſilver beard wav'd gently o'er his breaſt:
Tho' blind, a boldneſs in his looks appears;
In years he ſeem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the Pillar ſeen;
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian Queen;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall:
Motion and life did ev'ry part inſpire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the maſter's fire;

A ſtrong expreſſion moſt he ſeem'd t' affect,
And here and there diſclos'd a brave neglect.
A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a ſhrine of pureſt gold was rear'd;
Finiſh'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unweary'd art:
The Mantuan there in ſober triumph ſate,
Compos'd his poſture, and his look ſedate;
On Homer ſtill he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modeſt majeſty.
In living ſculpture on the ſides were ſpread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza ſtretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,
Æneas bending with his aged ſire;
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers ſhone.
FOUR ſwans ſuſtain a car of ſilver bright,
With heads advanc'd and pinions ſtretch'd for flight;
Here like ſome furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And ſeem'd to labour with the inſpiring God.
Acroſs the harp a careleſs hand he flings,
And boldly ſinks into the ſounding ſtrings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove ſurvey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
The fiery ſteeds ſeem ſtarting from the ſtone;
The champions in diſtorted poſtures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.
HERE happy Horace tun'd the Auſonian lyre
To ſweeter ſounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuſe
The ſofter ſpirit of the Sapphic Muſe.
The poliſh'd pillar diff'rent ſculptures grace;
A work outlaſting monumental braſs.

Here ſmiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,
The Julian ſtar, and great Auguſtus here.
The Doves that round the infant poet ſpread
Myrtles and bays, hung hov'ring o'er his head.

HERE in a ſhrine that caſt a dazling light,
Sate fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite;
His ſacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
And various Animals his ſides ſurround;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.

WITH equal rays immortal Tully ſhone,
The Roman Roſtra deck'd the Conſul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he ſeem'd to ſtand
In act to ſpeak, and graceful ſtretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's Genius waits with Civic crowns,
And the great Father of his country owns.

THESE maſſy columns in a circle riſe,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the ſkies:
Scarce to the top I ſtretch'd my aking ſight,
So large it ſpread, and ſwell'd to ſuch a height.
Full in the midſt proud Fame's imperial ſeat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies ſhew their ſanguine dye.
Bright azure rays from lively ſapphires ſtream,
And luicd amber caſts a golden gleam.
With various colour'd light the pavement ſhone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingl'd blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays,
When on the Godeſs firſt I caſt my ſight,
Scarce ſeem'd her ſtature of a cubit's height;
But ſwell'd to larger ſize, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her tow'ring front ſhe rais'd.

With her, the Temple ev'ry moment grew
And ampler Viſta's open'd to my view:
Upward the columns ſhoot, the roofs aſcend,
And arches widen, and long iſles extend.
Such was her form as ancient bards have told.
Wings raiſe her arms, and wings her feet infold;
A thouſand buſy tongues the Goddeſs bears,
And thouſand open eyes, and thouſand liſt'ning ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) ſtill attend the ſhrine:
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they ſing;
For Fame they raiſe the voice, and tune the ſtring;
With time's firſt birth began the heav'nly lays,
And laſt, eternal, thro' the length of days.

AROUND theſe wonders as I caſt a look,
The trumpet ſounded, and the temple ſhook,
And all the nations, ſummon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crouded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled ſounds were heard;
In various garbs promiſcuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the ſpring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and ſip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies firſt tempt the ſky,
O'er duſky fields and ſhaded waters fly,
Or ſettling, ſeize the ſweets the bloſſoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of ſuppliant crouds the ſhrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddeſs bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the ſage,
And boaſting youth, and narrative old-age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their requeſt the ſame:
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some ſhe diſgrac'd, and ſome with honours crown'd;
Unlike ſucceſſes equal merits found.

Thus her blind ſiſter, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And undiſcerning, ſcatters crowns and chains.

FIRST at the ſhrine the Learned world appear,
And to the Goddeſs thus prefer their pray'r.
Long have we ſought t' inſtruct and pleaſe mankind,
With ſtudies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy ſuperior throne:
On wit and learning the juſt prize beſtow,
For Fame is all we muſt expect below.

THE Goddeſs heard, and bade the Muſes raiſe
The golden Trumpet of eternal praiſe:
From pole to pole the winds diffuſe the ſound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes at firſt were rather ſweet than loud:
By juſt degrees they ev'ry moment riſe,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the ſkies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours ſhed,
Which ſtill grew ſweeter as they wider ſpread;
Leſs fragrant ſcents th' unfolding roſe exhales,
Or ſpices breathing in Arabian gales.

NEXT theſe the good and juſt, an awful train,
Thus on their knees addreſs the ſacred fane.
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the beſt men are treated like the worſt,
Do thou, juſt Goddeſs, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinſic worth.
Not with bare juſtice ſhall your act be crown'd
(Said Fame) but high above deſert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praiſe.

THIS band diſmiſs'd, behold another croud
Prefer'd the ſame requeſt, and lowly bow'd;

The conſtant tenour of whoſe well-ſpent days
No leſs deſerv'd a juſt return of praiſe.
But ſtrait the direful Trump of Slander ſounds;
Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burſt of cannon rends the ſkies,
The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies,
In ev'ry ear inceſſant rumours rung,
And gath'ring ſcandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black trumpet's ruſty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling ſmoke:
The pois'nous vapour blots the purple ſkies,
And withers all before it as it flies.
A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee (they cry'd) amidſt alarms and ſtrife,
We ſail'd in tempeſts down the ſtream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And ſwam to empire thro' the purple flood.
Thoſe ills we dar'd, thy inſpiration own,
What virtue ſeem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There ſleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your ſtatues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A ſudden cloud ſtraight ſnatch'd them from my ſight,
And each majeſtic phantom ſunk in night.
THEN came the ſmalleſt tribe I yet had ſeen;
Plain was their dreſs, and modeſt was their mien.
Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praiſe of merit, nor aſpire to fame;
But ſafe in deſarts from th' applauſe of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unſeen,
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from ſight
Thoſe acts of goodneſs, which themſelves requite.

O let us ſtill the ſecret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's ſake.
AND live there men, who ſlight immortal fame?
Who then with incenſe ſhall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis ſtill our greateſt pride
To blaze thoſe virtues, which the good would hide.
Riſe! Muſes, riſe! add all your tuneful breath.
Theſe muſt not ſleep in darkneſs and in death.
She ſaid: in air the trembling muſic floats,
And on the winds triumphant ſwell the notes;
So ſoft, tho' high, ſo loud, and yet ſo clear,
Ev'n liſt'ning Angels lean'd from heav'n to hear:
To fartheſt ſhores th' Ambroſial ſpirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies.
NEXT theſe a youthful train their vows expreſs'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dreſs'd,
Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and ſee
The men of pleaſure, dreſs, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleaſing care
To pay due viſits, and addreſs the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could perſuade,
But ſtill in fancy vanquiſh'd ev'ry maid;
Of unknown Ducheſſes lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name;
And what we want in pleaſure grant in fame.
THE Queen aſſents, the trumpet rends the ſkies,
And at each blaſt a Lady's honour dies.
PLEAS'D with the ſtrange ſucceſs, vaſt numbers preſt
Around the ſhrine, and made the ſame requeſt:

What you (ſhe cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to pleaſe,
Slaves to yourſelves, and ev'n fatigu'd with eaſe,
Who loſe a length of undeſerving days,
Would you uſurp the lover's dear-bought praiſe?
To juſt contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall,
The people's fable and the ſcorn of all.
Straight the black clarion ſends a horrid ſound,
Loud laughs burſt out, and bitter ſcoffs fly round,
Whiſpers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And ſcornful hiſſes run thro' all the croud.

Last, thoſe who boaſt of mighty miſchiefs done,
Enſlave their country, or uſurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
On Sov'erigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counſels and dark politics;
Of theſe a gloomy tribe ſurround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treaſons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With ſparks that ſeem'd to ſet the world on fire.
At the dread ſound, pale mortals ſtood aghaſt,
And ſtartled nature trembled with the blaſt.

This having heard and ſeen, ſome pow'r unknown
Strait chang'd the ſcene, and ſnatch'd me from the throne.
Before my view appear'd a ſtructure fair,
Its ſite uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the manſion round;
With ceaſeleſs noiſe the ringing walls reſound;
Not leſs in number were the ſpacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or ſands upon the ſhores;
Which ſtill unfolded ſtand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.

As flames by nature to the ſkies aſcend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the ſea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither, as to their proper place, ariſe
All various ſounds from earth, and ſeas, and ſkies,
Or ſpoke aloud, or whiſper'd in the ear;
Nor ever ſilence, reſt, or peace is here.
As on the ſmooth expanſe of Cryſtal lakes
The ſinking ſtone at firſt a circle makes;
The trembling ſurface by the motion ſtir'd,
Spreads in a ſecond circle, then a third;
Wide and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance;
Thus ev'ry voice and ſound, when firſt they break,
On neighb'ring air a ſoft impreſſion make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Thro' undulating air the ſounds are ſent,
And ſpread o'er all the fluid element.

THERE various news I heard of love and ſtrife,
Of peace and war, health, ſickneſs, death, and life,
Of loſs and gain, of famine and of ſtore,
Of ſtorms at ſea, and travels on the ſhore,
Of prodigies, and portents ſeen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and ſtars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the ſtate,
The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great,
Of old miſmanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly falſe, nor wholly true.

ABOVE, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who paſs, repaſs, advance, and glide away;
Hoſts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:

Aſtrologers, that future fates foreſhew,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And prieſts, and party-zealots, num'rous bands
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in ſome ſecret place,
And wild impatience ſtar'd in ev'ry face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was ſooner heard than told;
And all who told it added ſomething new,
And all who heard it, made enlargements too,
In ev'ry ear it ſpread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying eaſt and weſt, and north and ſouth,
News travel'd with increaſe from mouth to mouth.
So from a ſpark, that kindled firſt by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aſpire,
And tow'rs and temples ſink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lyes are to perfection ſprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Thro' thouſand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And ruſh in millions on the world below.
Fame ſits aloft, and points them out their courſe,
Their date determines, and preſcribes their force:
Some to remain, and ſome to periſh ſoon;
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around, a thouſand winged wonders fly,
Borne by the trumpet's blaſt, and ſcatter'd thro' the ſky.

There, at one paſſage, oft you might ſurvey,
A lie and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both ſo cloſely pent,
Which firſt ſhould iſſue thro' the narrow vent:
At laſt agreed, together out they fly,
Inſeparable now, the truth and ly

The ſtrict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal ere ſhall find.
While thus I ſtood, intent to ſee and hear,
One came, methought, and whiſper'd in my ear:
What could thus high thy raſh ambition raiſe?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praiſe?
'Tis true, ſaid I, not void of hopes I came,
For who ſo fond as youthful bards of fame?
But few, alas! the caſual bleſſing boaſt,
So hard to gain, ſo eaſy to be loſt.
How vain that ſecond life in others breath,
Th' eſtate which wits inherit after death!
Eaſe, health, and life, for this they muſt reſign,
(Unſure the tenure, but how vaſt the fine!)
The great man's curſe, without the gains, endure,
Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckleſs wits their enemies profeſt,
And all ſucceſsful, jealous friends at beſt.
Nor Fame I ſlight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if ſhe comes at all.
But if the purchaſe coſt ſo dear a price,
As ſoothing Folly, or exalting Vice:
Oh! if the Muſe muſt flatter lawleſs ſway,
And follow ſtill where fortune leads the way;
Or if no baſis bear my riſing name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
Then teach me, heav'n! to ſcorn the guilty bays
Drive from my breaſt that wretched luſt of praiſe,
Unblemiſh'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh grant an honeſt fame, or grant me none!

ODE for MUSIC

ON

St. CECILIA's Day.

I.

DEſcend, ye Nine! deſcend and ſing;
The breathing inſtruments inſpire,
Wake into voice each ſilent ſtring,
And ſweep the ſounding lyre!
In a ſadly-pleaſing ſtrain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet ſound,
'Till the roofs all around
The ſhrill echos rebound:
While in more lengthen'd notes and ſlow,
The deep, majeſtic, ſolemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers ſoft and clear
Gently ſteal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder riſe
And fill with ſpreading ſounds the ſkies;
Exulting in triumph now ſwell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild muſic floats;
'Till, by degrees, remote and ſmall,
The ſtrains decay,
And melt away,
In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Muſic, minds, an equal temper know,
Nor ſwell too high, nor ſink too low.
If in the breaſt tumultuous joys ariſe,
Muſic her ſoft, aſſuaſive voice applies;
Or, when the ſoul is preſs'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors ſhe fires with animated ſounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouzes from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Liſt'ning Envy drops her ſnakes;
Inteſtine war no more our Paſſions wage,
And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our Country's cauſe provokes to arms,
How martial muſic ev'ry boſom warms!
So when the firſt bold veſſel dar'd the ſeas,
High on the ſtern the Thracian rais'd his ſtrain,
While Argo ſaw her kindred trees
Deſcend from Pelion to the main.
Tranſported Demi-gods ſtood round,
And men grew heroes at the ſound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his ſev'nfold ſhield diſplay'd,
And half unſheath'd the ſhining blade:
And ſeas, and rocks, and ſkies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton ſurrounds,
Love, ſtrong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What ſounds were heard,
What ſcenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coaſts!
Dreadful gleams,
Diſmal ſcreams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans
And cries of tortur'd ghoſts!
But hark! he ſtrikes the golden lyre,
And ſee! the tortur'd ghoſts reſpire,
See, ſhaddy forms advance!
Thy ſtone, O Siſyphus, ſtands ſtill,
Ixion reſts upon his wheel,
And the pale ſpectres dance!
The Furies ſink upon their iron beds,
And ſnakes uncurl'd hang liſt'ning round their heads.

V.

By the ſtreams that ever flow
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elyſian flow'rs;
By thoſe happy ſouls who dwell
In yellow meads of Aſphodel,
Or Amaranthine bow'rs;

By the heroe's armed ſhades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Reſtore, reſtore Eurydice to life:
Or take the huſband, or return the wife!

He ſung and hell conſented
To hear the poet's prayer:
Stern Proſerpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus ſong could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conqueſt how hard and how glorious!
Tho' fate had faſt bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet muſic and love were victorious.

VI.

But ſoon, too ſoon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again ſhe falls, again ſhe dies, ſhe dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal ſiſters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love,
Now under hanging mountains,
Beſide the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in Mæanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghoſt,
For ever, ever, ever loſt!

Now with Furies ſurrounded,
Deſpairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidſt Rhodope's ſnows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the deſart he flies;
Hark! Hæmus reſounds with the Bacchanals cries—
Ah ſee, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he ſung,
Eurydice ſtill trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Muſic the fierceſt grief can charm,
And fate's ſevereſt rage diſarm,
Muſic can ſoften pain to eaſe,
And make deſpair and madneſs pleaſe:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliſs above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praiſe confin'd the ſound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the ſwelling notes our ſouls aſpire,
While ſolemn airs improve the ſacred fire;
And Angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a ſhade from hell,
Hers lift the ſoul to heav'n.

ODE on SOLITUDE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,
Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mixt; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

The dying Chriſtian to his Soul.

I.

VITAL ſpark of heav'nly flame:
Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond Nature, ceaſe thy ſtrife,
And let me languiſh into life.

II.

Hark! they whiſper; Angels ſay,
Siſter ſpirit, come away.
What is this abſorbs me quite?
Steals my ſenſes, ſhuts my ſight,
Drowns my ſpirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be death?

III.

The world recedes; it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With ſounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy ſting?

The dying Christian to his Soul.

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame:
Trembling hope, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

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AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

'TIS hard to ſay, if greater want of ſkill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two, leſs dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than miſlead our ſenſe.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten cenſure wrong for one who writes amiſs;
A fool might once himſelf alone expoſe,
Now one in verſe makes many more in proſe.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go juſt alike, yet each believes his own.
In Poets as true genius is but rare,
True Taſte as ſeldom is the Critic's ſhare;
Both muſt alike from heav'n derive their light,
Theſe born to judge, as well as thoſe to write.
Let ſuch teach others who themſelves excell,
And cenſure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not Critics to their judgment too?
Yet if we look more cloſely, we ſhall find
Moſt have the ſeeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at leaſt a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.

But as the ſlighteſt ſketch, if juſtly trac'd,
Is by ill-colouring but the more diſgrac'd;
So by falſe learning is good ſenſe defac'd:
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of ſchools,
And ſome made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
In ſearch of wit theſe loſe their common ſenſe,
And then turn Critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or can not write,
Or with a Rival's, or an Eunuch's ſpite.
All fools have ſtill an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing ſide.
If Mævius ſcribble in Apollo's ſpight,
There are, who judge ſtill worſe than he can write.

SOME have at firſt for Wits, then Poets paſt,
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at laſt.
Some neither can for Wits nor Critics paſs,
As heavy mules are neither horſe nor aſs.
Thoſe half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our iſle,
As half-form'd inſects on the banks of Nile
Unfiniſh'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's ſo equivocal:
To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's that might a hundred tire.

BUT you who ſeek to give and merit fame,
And juſtly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be ſure yourſelf and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taſte, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be diſcreet,
And mark that point where ſenſe and dulneſs meet.

NATURE to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wiſely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide ſandy plains;
Thus in the ſoul while memory prevails,
The ſolid pow'r of underſtanding fails;

Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's ſoft figures melt away.
One ſcience only will one genius fit;
So vaſt is art, ſo narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in thoſe confin'd to ſingle parts.
Like Kings we loſe the conqueſts gain'd before,
By vain ambition ſtill to make them more:
Each might his ſev'ral province well command,
Would all but ſtoop to what they underſtand.

FIRST follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her juſt ſtandard, which is ſtill the ſame:
Unerring Nature, ſtill divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and univerſal light,
Life, force, and beauty, muſt to all impart,
At once the ſource, and end, and teſt of Art.
Art from that fund each juſt ſupply provides;
Works without ſhow, and without pomp preſides;
In ſome fair body thus th' informing ſoul
With ſpirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve ſuſtains;
Itſelf unſeen, but in th' effects remains.
Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuſe,
Want as much more, to turn it to its uſe!
For wit and judgment often are at ſtrife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than ſpur the Muſe's ſteed;
Reſtrain his fury, than provoke his ſpeed;
The wing'd courſer, like a gen'rous horſe,
Shows moſt true mettle when you check his courſe.

THOSE Rules of old diſcover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature ſtill, but Nature methodiz'd.
Nature, like Liberty, is but reſtrain'd
By the ſame Laws which firſt herſelf ordain'd.

HEAR how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from heav'n.
The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,
And taught the world with Reason to admire.
Then Criticism the Muses handmaid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:
But following wits from that intention stray'd,
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;
Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art
By Doctor's bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they:
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.

YOU then whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each Ancient's proper character;
His Fable, Subject, Scope in ev'ry Page;
Religion, Country, Genius of his Age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.

Be Homer's works your ſtudy and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muſes upward to their ſpring.
Still with itſelf compar'd, his text peruſe;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muſe.

WHEN firſt young Maro in his boundleſs mind
A work t' outlaſt immortal Rome deſign'd,
Perhaps he ſeem'd above the Critic's law,
And, but from Nature's fountain, ſcorn'd to draw:
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the ſame.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold deſign:
And rules as ſtrict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a juſt eſteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.

SOME beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happineſs as well as care.
Muſic reſembles Poetry, in each
Are nameleſs graces which no methods teach,
And which a maſter-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky licence anſwer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule.
Thus Pegaſus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track;
From vulgar bounds with brave diſorder part,
And ſnatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which without paſſing thro' the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.

In proſpects thus, ſome objects pleaſe our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order riſe,
The ſhapeleſs rock, or hanging precipice.
Great wits ſometimes may glorioufly offend,
And riſe to faults true Critics dare not mend.
But tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,
(As Kings diſpenſe with laws themſelves have made)
Moderns, beware! or if you muſt offend
Againſt the precept ne'er tranſgreſs its End;
Let it be ſeldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at leaſt, their precedent to plead.
The Critic elſe proceeds without remorſe,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whoſe preſumptuous thoughts
Thoſe freer beauties, ev'n in them, ſeem faults.
Some figures monſtrous and mis-ſhap'd appear,
Conſider'd ſingly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due diſtance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always muſt diſplay
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,
But with th' occaſion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay ſeem ſometimes to fly.
Thoſe oft are ſtratagems which errors ſeem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

STILL green with bays each ancient Altar ſtands,
Above the reach of ſacrilegious hands;
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Deſtructive War, and all involving Age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incenſe bring!
Hear, in all tongues conſenting Pæans ring!
In praiſe ſo juſt let ev'ry voice be join'd
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.

Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of univerſal praiſe:
Whoſe honours with increaſe of ages grow,
As ſtreams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names ſhall ſound,
And worlds applaud that muſt not yet be found!
O may ſome ſpark of your celeſtial fire,
The laſt, the meaneſt of your ſons inſpire,
(That on weak wings, from far, purſues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain Wits a ſcience little known,
T'admire ſuperior ſenſe, and doubt their own!

Of all the cauſes which conſpire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and miſguide the mind,
What the weak head with ſtrongeſt bias rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride;
For as in bodies, thus in ſouls, we find
What wants in blood and ſpirits, ſwell'd with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, ſteps into our defence,
And fills up all the mighty Void of ſenſe.
If once right reaſon drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with reſiſtleſs day.
Truſt not yourſelf; but your defects to know,
Make uſe of every friend——and ev'ry foe.

A little learning is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taſte not the Pierian ſpring:
There ſhallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely ſobers us again.
Fir'd at firſt ſight with what the muſe imparts,
In fearleſs youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor ſee the lengths behind,

But more advanc'd, behold with ſtrange ſurprize
New diſtant ſcenes of endleſs ſcience riſe!
So pleas'd at firſt the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and ſeem to tread the ſky,
Th' eternal ſnows appear already paſt,
And the firſt clouds and mountains ſeem the laſt:
But, thoſe attain'd, we tremble to ſurvey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increaſing proſpect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps ariſe!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the ſame ſpirit that its author writ,
Survey the WHOLE, nor ſeek ſlight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor loſe for that malignant dull delight
The gen'rous pleaſure to be charm'd with wit.
But in ſuch lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold and regularly low,
That ſhunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may ſleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactneſs of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full reſult of all.
Thus when we view ſome well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's juſt wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
No ſingle parts unequally ſurprize,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monſtrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The Whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultleſs piece to ſee,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er ſhall be.
In every work regard the writer's End,
Since none can compaſs more than they intend;

And if the means be juſt, the conduct true,
Applauſe, in ſpight of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, ſometimes men of wit,
T'avoid great errors, muſt the leſs commit:
Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
For not to know ſome trifles is a praiſe.
Moſt Critics, fond of ſome ſubſervient art,
Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one lov'd Folly ſacrifice.

ONCE on a time, La Mancha's Knight they ſay,
A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
Diſcours'd in terms as juſt, with looks as ſage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian ſtage;
Concluding all were deſp'rate ſots and fools,
Who durſt depart from Ariſtotle's rules.
Our Author happy in a judge ſo nice,
Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
Made him obſerve the ſubject and the plot,
The manners, paſſions, unities; what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the liſts left out.
"What leave the Combat out?" exclaims the Knight;
Yes, or we muſt renounce the Stagirite.
"Not ſo by heav'n" (he anſwers in a rage)
"Knights, ſquires, and ſteeds, muſt enter on the
"ſtage."
So vaſt a throng the ſtage can ne'er contain.
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

THUS Critics of leſs judgment than caprice,
Curious not knowing, not exact but nice
Form ſhort ideas; and offend in arts
(As moſt in manners) by a love to parts.

SOME to Conceit alone their taſte confine,
And glit'ring thoughts ſtruck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's juſt or fit;
One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus, unſkill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dreſs'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er ſo well expreſs'd;
Something, whoſe truth convinc'd at ſight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As ſhades more ſweetly recommend the light,
So modeſt plainneſs ſets of ſprightly wit.
For works may have more wit that does 'em good,
As bodies periſh thro' exceſs of blood.

OTHERS for Language all their care expreſs,
And value books, as women men, for dreſs;
Their praiſe is ſtill,—the Style is excellent;
The Senſe, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they moſt abound,
Much fruit of ſenſe beneath is rarely found:
Falſe eloquence, like the priſmatic glaſs
Its gaudy colours ſpreads on ev'ry place;
The face of Nature we no more ſurvey,
All glares alike, without diſtinction gay:
But true Expreſſion, like th' unchanging ſun,
Clears and improves whate'er it ſhines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expreſſion is the dreſs of thought, and ſtill
Appears more decent, as more ſuitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words expreſs'd
Is like a clown in regal purple dreſs'd;

For diff'rent ſtyles with diff'rent ſubjects ſort,
As ſeveral garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phraſe, meer moderns in their ſenſe;
Such labour'd nothings, in ſo ſtrange a ſtyle,
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learn'd ſmile.
Unlucky, as Fungoſo in the Play,
Theſe ſparks with awkward vanity diſplay
What the fine gentleman wore yeſterday;
And but ſo mimic ancient wits at beſt,
As apes our grandſires, in their doublets dreſt.
In words as faſhions, the ſame rule will hold;
Alike fantaſtic, if too new, or old:
Be not the firſt by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the laſt to lay the old aſide.

But moſt by numbers judge a Poet's ſong,
And ſmooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright Muſe tho' thouſand charms conſpire,
Her voice is all theſe tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnaſſus but to pleaſe their ear,
Not mend their minds; as ſome to Church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the muſic there.
Theſe equal ſyllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the ſame unvary'd chimes,
With ſure returns of ſtill expected rhymes;
Where-e'er you find "the cooling weſtern breeze,"
In the next line, it "whiſpers thro' the trees:"
In cryſtal ſtreams "with pleaſing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "ſleep:"

Then at the laſt and only couplet fraught
With ſome unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needleſs Alexandrine ends the ſong,
That, like a wounded ſnake, drags its ſlow length along.
Leave ſuch to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly ſmooth, or languiſhingly ſlow;
And praiſe the eaſy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's ſtrength, and Waller's ſweetneſs join.
True eaſe in writing comes from art, not chance,
As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harſhneſs gives offence,
The ſound muſt ſeem an Echo to the ſenſe:
Soft is the ſtrain when Zephyr gently blows
And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows;
But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhoar,
The hoarſe, rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar.
When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move ſlow:
Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays ſurprize,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe!
While at each change, the ſon of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow:
Perſians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor ſtood ſubdu'd by ſound!
The pow'r of Muſic all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.
AVOID Extremes; and ſhun the fault of ſuch,
Who ſtill are pleas'd too little or too much,

At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence.
That always shews great pride, or little sense:
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we thro' mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize.
Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.

Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
Tho' each may feel encreases and decays
And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if Wit be old or new.
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the Town;
They reason and conclude by precedent
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with Quality.
A constant Critic at the great man's board
To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.
What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me!

But let a Lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the ſtile refines!
Before his ſacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted ſtanza teems with thought!

THE Vulgar thus through imitation err;
As oft the learn'd by being ſingular;
So much they ſcorn the croud, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purpoſely go wrong:
So Schiſmatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praiſe at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the laſt opinion right.
A Muſe by theſe is like a miſtreſs us'd,
This hour ſhe's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt ſenſe and nonſenſe daily change their ſide.
Aſk them the cauſe; they're wiſer ſtill they ſay;
And ſtill to-morrow's wiſer than to-day.
We think our fathers fools; ſo wiſe we grow;
Our wiſer ſons, no doubt, will think us ſo.
Once School-divines this zealous iſle o'er ſpread;
Who knew moſt ſentences, was deepeſt read;
Faith, Goſpel, all, ſeem'd made to be diſputed,
And none had ſenſe enough to be confuted:
Scotiſts and Thomiſts, now in peace remain,
Amidſt their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
If Faith itſelf has diff'rent dreſſes worn,
What wonder modes in Wit ſhould take their turn?
Oft', leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And Authors think their reputation ſafe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

SOME valuing thoſe of their own ſide or mind,
Still make themſelves the meaſure of mankind:

Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praiſe ourſelves in other men.
Parties in Wit attend on thoſe of ſtate,
And public faction doubles private hate,
Pride, Malice, Folly, againſt Dryden roſe,
In various ſhapes of Parſons, Critics, Beaus;
But ſenſe ſurviv'd when merry jeſts were paſt;
For riſing merit will buoy up at laſt.
Might he return, and bleſs once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns muſt ariſe:
Nay ſhould great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would ſtart up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its ſhade, purſue;
But like a ſhadow, proves the Subſtance true:
For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th' oppoſing body's groſſneſs, not its own.
When firſt that ſun too pow'rful beams diſplays,
It draws up vapours which obſcure its rays;
But ev'n thoſe clouds at laſt adorn its way,
Reflect new glories and augment the day.

Be thou the firſt true merit to befriend;
His praiſe is loſt who ſtays 'till all commend.
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but juſt to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When Patriarch wits ſurviv'd a thouſand years:
Now length of Fame (our ſecond life) is loſt,
And bare threeſcore is all ev'n that can boaſt;
Our ſons their father's failing language ſee,
And ſuch as Chaucer is, ſhall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has deſign'd,
Some bright Idea of the maſter's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand:

When the ripe colours ſoften and unite,
And ſweetly melt into juſt ſhade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure juſt begins to live,
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

UNHAPPY Wit, like moſt miſtaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praiſe we boaſt,
But ſoon the ſhort-liv'd vanity is loſt:
Like ſome fair flow'r the early ſpring ſupplies,
That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this Wit, which muſt our cares employ?
The owner's wife that other men enjoy;
Then moſt our trouble ſtill when moſt admir'd,
And ſtill the more we give, the more requir'd;
Whoſe fame with pains we guard, but loſe with eaſe,
Sure ſome to vex, but never all to pleaſe;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous ſhun,
By fools 'tis hated; and by knaves undone!

IF Wit ſo much from Ign'rance undergo,
Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, thoſe met rewards who could excell,
And ſuch were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
Tho' triumphs were to gen'rals only due,
Crowns were reſerv'd to grace the ſoldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnaſſus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to ſpurn ſome others down;
And while ſelf-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the ſport of fools:
But ſtill the worſt with moſt regret commend,
For each ill Author is as bad a friend.
To what baſe ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd thro' ſacred luſt of praiſe!

Ah ne'er ſo dire a thirſt of glory boaſt,
Nor in the Critic let the man be loſt.
Good-nature and good-ſenſe muſt ever join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds ſome dregs remain
Not yet purg'd off, of ſpleen and ſour diſdain;
Diſcharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in theſe flagitious times.
No pardon vile obſcenity ſhould find,
Tho' wit and art conſpire to move your mind;
But Dulneſs with Obſcenity muſt prove
As ſhameful ſure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleaſure, wealth, and eaſe,
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increaſe;
When love was all an eaſy Monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts rul'd the ſtate, and ſtateſmen farces writ;
Nay wits had penſions, and young Lords had wit:
The Fair ſat panting at a Courtier's play,
And not a Maſk went unimprov'd away:
The modeſt fan was lifted up no more,
And Virgins ſmil'd at what they bluſh'd before.
The following licence of a Foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving Prieſts reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleaſant methods of ſalvation;
Where heav'n's free ſubjects might their rights diſpute,
Leſt God himſelf ſhould ſeem too abſolute:
Pulpits their ſacred ſatire learn'd to ſpare,
And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the ſkies,
And the preſs groan'd with licens'd blaſphemies.
Theſe monſters, Critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhauſt your rage!

Yet ſhun their fault, who, ſcandalouſly nice,
Will needs miſtake an author into vice;
All ſeems infected that th' infected ſpy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

LEARN then what Morals Critics ought to ſhow,
For 'tis but half a judge's taſk, to know.
'Tis not enough, taſte, judgment, learning, join;
In all you ſpeak, let truth and candour ſhine:
That not alone what to your ſenſe is due
All may allow; but ſeek your friendſhip too.

BE ſilent always, when you doubt your ſenſe;
And ſpeak, tho' ſure, with ſeeming diffidence:
Some poſitive, perſiſting fops we know,
Who if once wrong, will needs be always ſo;
But you, with pleaſure own your errors paſt,
And make each day a Critique on the laſt.

'TIS not enough your counſel ſtill be true;
Blunt truths more miſchief than nice falſhoods do;
Men muſt be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without Good-breeding, truth is diſapprov'd;
That only makes ſuperior ſenſe belov'd.

BE niggards of advice on no pretence:
For the worſt avarice is that of ſenſe.
With Mean complacence ne'er betray your truſt,
Nor be ſo civil as to prove unjuſt.
Fear not the anger of the wiſe to raiſe;
Thoſe beſt can bear reproof, who merit praiſe.

'TWERE well might Critics ſtill this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you ſpeak,
And ſtares tremendous with a threat'ning eye,
Like ſome fierce tyrant in old tapeſtry.
Fear moſt to tax an honourable fool,
Whoſe right it is, uncenſur'd to be dull;

Such, without wit, are Poets when they pleaſe,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unſucceſsful Satires,
And flattery to fulſome Dedicators,
Whom, when they praiſe, the world believes no more,
Than when they promiſe to give ſcribling o'er.
'Tis beſt ſometimes your cenſure to reſtrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your ſilence there is better than your ſpite,
For who can rail ſo long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drouzy courſe they keep,
And laſh'd ſo long, like tops, are laſh'd aſleep.
False ſteps but help them to renew the race,
As, after ſtumbling, Jades will mend their pace.
What crouds of theſe impenetently bold,
In ſounds and jingling ſyllables grown old,
Still run on Poets, in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and ſqueezings of the brain,
Strain out the laſt dull droppings of their ſenſe,
And rhyme with all the rage of Impotence.

Such ſhameleſs Bards we have; and yet 'tis true
There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.
The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue ſtill edifies his ears,
And always liſt'ning to himſelf appears,
All books he reads, and all he reads aſſails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.
With him moſt authors ſteal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Diſpenſary.
Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's friend,
Nay ſhow'd his faults—but when would Poets mend?

No place ſo ſacred from ſuch fops is barr'd,
Nor is Paul's church more ſafe than Paul's church-yard:
Nay fly to Altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For Fools ruſh in where Angels fear to tread.
Diſtruſtful ſenſe with modeſt caution ſpeaks,
It ſtill looks home, and ſhort excurſions makes;
But ratling nonſenſe in full volies breaks,
And never ſhock'd, and never turn'd aſide
Burſt out, reſiſtleſs, with a thund'ring tide.

BUT where's the man, who counſel can beſtow
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbias'd, or by favour, or by ſpite;
Not dully prepoſſeſs'd, nor blindly right;
Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, ſincere;
Modeſtly bold, and humanly ſevere;
Who to a friend his faults can freely ſhow,
And gladly praiſe the merit of a foe?
Bleſt with a taſte exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Gen'rous converſe; a ſoul extempt from pride;
And love to praiſe, with reaſon on his ſide?

SUCH once were Critics; ſuch the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagirite firſt left the ſhore,
Spread all his ſails, and durſt the deeps explore;
He ſteer'd ſecurely, and diſcover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian ſtar.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free,
Still fond and proud of ſavage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws; and ſtood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature, ſhould preſide o'er wit.

HORACE ſtill charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into ſenſe,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The trueſt notions in the eaſieſt way.
He, who ſupreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly cenſure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolneſs, tho' he ſung with fire;
His Precepts teach but what his works inſpire.
Our Critics, take a contrary extreme.
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm:
Nor ſuffers Horace more in wrong Tranſlations
By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations.
SEE Dionyſius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!
FANCY and art in gay Petronius pleaſe,
The ſcholar's learning, with the courtier's eaſe.
IN grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
The juſteſt rules, and cleareſt method join'd:
Thus uſeful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order and diſpos'd with grace,
But leſs to pleaſe the eye, than arm the hand,
Still fit for uſe, and ready at command.
THEE, bold Longinus! all the Nine inſpire,
And bleſs their Critic with a Poet's fire.
An ardent Judge, who zealous in his truſt,
With warmth gives ſentence, yet is always juſt:
Whoſe own example ſtrengthens all his laws;
And is himſelf that great ſublime he draws.
THUS long ſucceeding Critics juſtly reign'd,
Licence repreſs'd, and uſeful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew;
And arts ſtill follow'd where her eagles flew;
From the ſame foes, at laſt, both felt their doom,
And the ſame age ſaw learning fall, and Rome.

With Tyranny. Then Superſtition join'd,
As that the body, this enſlav'd the mind;
Much was believ'd, but little underſtood,
And to be dull was conſtru'd to be good;
A ſecond deluge Learning thus o'er-run,
And the Monks finiſh'd what the Goths begun.

At length Erafmus, that great injur'd name,
(The glory of the prieſthood, and the ſhame!)
Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove thoſe holy Vandals off the ſtage.

But ſee! each Muſe, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruin ſpread,
Shakes off the duſt, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then ſculpture and her ſiſter arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With ſweeter notes each riſing Temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida ſung.
Immortal Vida: on whoſe honour'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now ſhall ever boaſt thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But ſoon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
Their ancient bounds the baniſh'd Muſes paſs'd;
Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But Critic learning flouriſh'd moſt in France;
The rules a nation, born to ſerve, obeys;
And Boileau ſtill in right of Horace ſways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws deſpis'd,
And kept unconquer'd and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We ſtill defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet ſome there were, among the ſounder few
Of thoſe who leſs preſum'd, and better knew,

Who durſt aſſert the juſter ancient cauſe,
And here reſtor'd Wits fundamental laws.
Such was the Muſe, whoſe rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief Maſter-piece is writing well."
Such was Roſcommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.
Such late was Walſh—the Muſe's judge and friend,
Who juſtly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for deſert;
The cleareſt head, and the ſincereſt heart.
This humble praiſe, lamented ſhade! receive,
This praiſe at leaſt a grateful Muſe may give:
The Muſe whoſe early voice you taught to ſing,
Preſcrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now loſt) no more attempts to riſe,
But in low numbers ſhort excurſion tries:
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before the knew:
Careleſs of cenſure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praiſe, yet not afraid to blame;
Averſe alike to flatter, or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

The UNIVERSAL PRAYER

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!
Thou great firſt cauſe, leaſt underſtood:
Who all my ſenſe confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myſelf am blind;
Yet gave me, in this dark eſtate,
To ſee the good from ill;
And binding nature faſt in fate,
Left free the human will.
What conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That, more than heav'n purſue.
What bleſſings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away:
For God is pay'd when man receives;
T' enjoy is to obey.
Yet not to earth's contracted ſpan
Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thouſand worlds are round:
Let not this weak unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe;
If I am right, oh teach my heart
Still in the right to ſtay;

If am wrong, thy grace impart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
Or impious diſcontent,
At ought thy wiſdom has deny'd,
Or ought thy goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe;
To hide the faults I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhow,
That mercy ſhow to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by thy breath,
Oh lead me whereſoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death:

This day be bread and peace my lot:
All elſe beneath the ſun
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not;
And let thy will be done.

To thee whoſe temple is all ſpace,
Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies,
One chorus let all beings raiſe:
All nature's incenſe riſe!

FINIS.